

Friday November 24 1979

50.483

15 pence

# Britain recalls envoy after Lusaka violence

n's High Commissioner in Zambia was sent to London last night as anti-British violence continued in Lusaka. A further attack on the High Commission building, where windows were smashed, appeared to be condoned by President Kaunda when he spoke to militants.

## Kaunda rebuke for attack by mob

Nov. 23.—President of Zambia today gave an appeal to the British High Commission in Lusaka when he told them his action should be taken if they should attack the High Commission compound later this evening.

The crowd closed in on two white journalists, jeering and kicking them. They were rescued by police who formed a ring around the two men and drove them to safety in a police car.

The violence erupted in the wake of President Kaunda's ordering of military mobilization to meet a "full scale war situation" and Britain's subsequent rejection of his demand that it pay compensation for damage done by Zimbabwe Rhodesian raiders.

A High Commission spokesman said, "British citizens in Lusaka had been advised to operate here any way that has rendered himself irrelevant. You can be the master in your party and the rest."

It was said although Dr. Kaunda implied that no action should not be taken by the High Commission, he failed to do so, throwing his indirect approval of the actions, bringing relations with Britain to a standstill.

The demonstrators outside the High Commission, where organizers of the strike had led the 2,000 people who were inside the building, scaled the wall.

## Ceasefire deal offered to Zimbabwe guerrillas

Correspondent—Rhodesian's positive response to the British request for immediate ceasefire with Lord Carrington.

With Lord Carrington's Foreign Secretary, Mr. Jenkins, the Deputy Minister, accompanied by all commanders of the Rhodesian security forces, Bishop Muzorewa was willing to give him to stop cross-border invasions, provided the UK and the Zambian complied with their bargain.

Concern is felt over the rising tension between the two countries. This is now Monday, pending the results of the Patriotic Forces from the meeting in Dar es Salaam.

London, when they conference, to a large extent depends on African states, but Rhodesian attacks are still prepared to continue.

The dispute at London appears to be it arises from a

killed  
in  
fall

Osman

collapse of a 180-ft tunnel at Kingsbridge, yesterday from a contract replacing delayed

men managed to run away out of the others' were on a narrow road team and taken to hospital from shock injuries.

happened 150, the Wasps' turn 2,726 yards long the Birmingham/15. It was closed 13 months ago a poor state of the

Midlands fire service in a seven-member team from Ashby Rescues attempts by the darkness, brickwork rubble the danger of sea.

up work was planned that recovery was likely to take hours. Considered con- offer dam of planks of the collapse of the water

## Dr Owen says 'new party' plan is foolish

Mr. David Owen, MP, regarded as a future leader of Labour Party moderates, last night described the appeal by Mr. Jenkins for a new centre group as a "most foolish course" for the party. New partners do not carry instant solutions.

Continued on page 6, col 8

Gromyko warning

The Soviet Union has toughened its attitude to NATO's plan to station medium-range nuclear missiles in Western Europe. Mr. Gromyko, the Foreign Minister, has warned it would "destroy arms limitation negotiations if the plan went ahead."

Continued on page 6, col 8

Powell warning

Mr. Enoch Powell told Mrs. Margaret Thatcher in an open letter that any deal with the Government of the Irish Republic, making political concessions in return for assistance to Britain, would be the road to disaster.

Continued on page 4

Clash on EEC grants

Italy and Britain, the main beneficiaries, were expected to fight proposed cuts in EEC grants for spending on the community's poorer regions at a meeting of the nine budget ministers in Brussels last night.

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## HOME NEWS

## Dr Owen rejects Jenkins plea for new radical centre group as a most foolish course for Labour

By George Clark  
Political Correspondent

Dr David Owen, MP for Plymouth, Devonport, appeared in court to reject Mr Roy Jenkins's appeal for a new radical centre group in British politics when he spoke at Wolverhampton last night.

He said the most important task was to fight the issues within the Labour Party. Dr Owen is regarded by some Labour MPs as a possible leader of the moderate section of their party.

Mr Jenkins made his plea in the eighth Richard Dimbleby lecture on BBC1 on Thursday night.

Dr Owen said: "The trouble in the past was that too often the centre-right of the party has distanced itself from fighting within the party, has not been prepared to muddy its feet on doorstep, not fought for a place in the national executive, not taken the battle enough into the constituency parties."

The had now changed. The Manifesto Group had been prepared to stand up and match the left-wing Tribune Group. The Campaign for Labour Victory was campaigning in the constituencies.

Dr Owen, who was addressing students of Wolverhampton Polytechnic, said: "The most foolish course now for those who are determined to those

the Labour Party back to sensible socialism would be to abandon the struggle within the Labour Party to talk of founding new parties, to break out from the Labour Party just at the moment when, at long last, we are beginning to fight back from within."

No one but a fool would deny that there was taking place a very serious fight for the heart and soul of the party. The outcome was not certain. In his judgment the party was not likely to be able to judge the outcome for a year or more. "We must do it believe we should be in a hurry to solve the issues".

The moment when the party was fighting off the shrill divisiveness of Thatcherism, with its simple monetarist policies, was the very moment when it would be absurd for the Labour Party to embrace a "Thatcherism of the left" that was just as divisive, just as simple, and just as narrow.

"The centre of the party must now stand firm", Dr Owen said. "We will not be tempted by siren voices from outside, from those who have given up the fight from within.

"For one am not prepared to admit defeat, to accept that within two years we cannot turn our party once more into a strong electoral force, capable of ousting Mrs Thatcher and

winning back power as a broad-based party with appeal across the classes, across the divisions of British society."

Dr Owen said the Labour Party had had that base before

as an idealistic and radical party. "We must win it back again."

The room for compromise is admittedly dangerously narrow. It may be that the battle will be lost, but some of us have fought battles within the party before when the odds looked bad and yet common sense won through. We need a reassertion of self-confidence within the centre-right.

For the party belongs as much to us who are I believe the majority as it does to the activists currently holding power, who are I believe the minority.

The party inquiry is the last chance to revive our fortunes. That is why it is necessary to state that an unbalanced inquiry cannot have the status and authority to unify the party.

New parties do not carry instant solutions. Proportional representation does not of itself guarantee political stability. We should be wary before we give up our system of coalitions within parties and replace it with the continental system of coalitions across parties."

## Mr Mason wins a key post

From Ronald Kershaw

The struggle for left-wing domination of Barnsley constituency Labour Party and the attempt by militants to oust Mr Roy Mason, shadow minister and former Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, has taken a new twist with his election as vice-chairman of the powerful House of Commons miners' group of MPs.

Mr Mason, who sees his election as a vote of confidence, will be made chairman next year and will have an ex-officio seat on the national executive of the National Executive of Mineworkers.

Mr Arthur Scargill, the militant Yorkshire miners' president, who wants a miners' MP in Barnsley with left-wing views, is also a member of the union's executive.

If submission of MPs for re-selection is made mandatory, Mr Mason will be a non-voting but no doubt vocal member of all new miners' MPs.

But as Mr Mason points out, Mr Scargill has never personally attacked him for his moderate views and Mr Mason has not mentioned Mr Scargill in connection with his attempt to impress his views on the moderates in the constituency.

There is an impression among party members in Barnsley that tension is easing because of the changeover. Mr Mason has received from the division's 3,500 drivers and dockers staff will mean an increase of 16.5 per cent over

## Privilege issue ends after Amery apology

By Our Political Correspondent

An apology to the House of Commons was made yesterday by Mr Julian Amery, former minister and now Conservative MP for Brighton, Pavilion.

It arose from certain remarks, taken to refer to Labour MPs, he made during a television interview with Mr Robin Day, on BBC 2 on Wednesday night.

The programme was about the Commons debate on Professor Anthony Blunt, which had just finished. Mr Amery told the House he wanted to make it clear that it was never his intention to suggest that any member was guilty of any illegal action, such as treason or espionage.

"Nevertheless, I see that some of the words I used have had the effect of reflecting on the honour of the House or individual members and for that reason I am glad to withdraw them and do so without hesitation," he said.

Personal statements in the Commons are not debatable, but the Labour MPs who made angry comments on Mr Amery's remarks on Thursday listened closely. They said later that they had dropped their move to make it a privilege issue.

Mr Amery said he believed there were a dozen MPs with either communist or Marxist views "who more or less follow the Communist Party line or are in regular contact with the

Soviet Embassy". Labour MPs had sought to raise the matter before the debate of parliamentary privilege.

On Thursday as a possible

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## BOC raises pay offer

By Our Labour Staff

The British Oxygen Company last night made an improved pay offer which would yield a two-stage, 32.4 per cent increase over 20 months in the average weekly earnings of workers in the company's key gases division.

The offer, which is to be referred by union negotiators to the division's 3,500 drivers and dockers staff, will mean an increase of 16.5 per cent over

## Handicapped girl dies in fire bomb attack on house

By a Staff Reporter

A Greek-Cypriot girl aged 20 died early yesterday when a fire bomb was thrown into her parents' home in Stoke Newington, north London. Her brother, aged 18, who tried to rescue her from the blazing house, was in hospital with very serious burns last night.

The dead girl was Skeroula Hambi, who neighbours said was handicapped. She was trapped in a first floor bedroom with her sister Anna, aged 16, when a smoking container thought to have held petrol crashed through a basement window just after midnight and set the house in Bouvier Road on fire.

The younger girl jumped from the blazing bedroom and broke her leg. Her brother, Simon, ran from the ground-floor bedroom and attempted to save his sister but became trapped. By the time help arrived he was badly burnt

## Russian suffered heart attack

A post-mortem examination yesterday on Mr Stanislav Gastol, aged 52, a Russian trade delegation member, revealed that he had suffered a heart attack, Scotland Yard said.

Mr Gastol was taken to Whittington Hospital, north London, on Thursday but was dead on arrival. There was no truth in reports that Mr Gastol died after being injected with a toxic substance.

## By-election date

The by-election at Hertfordshire, South-West, caused by the resignation of Mr Geoffrey Odsworth, will be held on December 13.

General Election: G. H. Dods-worth (C), 33,112; A. J. Colman (Lab), 16,784; G. Cas (L), 9,508; P. Graves (National Front), 329. C. majority, 16,328.

## Matthews bid

Mr Victor Matthews, chief executive of Trafalgar House and chairman of Express Newspapers, is interested in buying Surrey Place, next Guildford, Surrey, the home of the late J. Paul Getty. The estate is expected to fetch about £10m.



Police Constable Gurdev Singh Bagri, the first coloured community constable in the West Yorkshire police, meeting children in his area of Bradford.

## Toast and tea for the man with a new heart

By Penny Symon

Mr Andrew Barlow, aged 29, Britain's seventh heart transplant patient, is making a remarkable recovery from the six-hour operation he underwent on Thursday, an official at Papworth Hospital, Cambridgeshire, said yesterday.

Mr Barlow, from Leeds, who

is married with one child, sat up in bed yesterday and ate a boiled egg with tea and toast.

He got out of bed and sat in a chair for a while.

Mr John Edwards, an official

at the hospital, where two previous transplants were carried out this year, said that Mr Terence English, the South African born consultant who performed the operation, had spoken to Mr Barlow after the operation.

"All because of the actions

of a bunch of lunatics", a leading Dublin estate agent said.

He specializes in selling houses in Ireland to retired English people. "There are a number of people who, perhaps not directly but indirectly, are moving back to England as consequence of Lord Mountbatten's murder."

He recalled other events that

had altered the attitude of British people in Ireland when violence in the north spilled over into the south, particularly Bloody Sunday, the burning of

his progress."

The hospital has not yet named the donor of Mr Barlow's new heart, but it is believed to be Anthony Ryan, aged 17, from Peterborough, died after a car accident in Bedfordshire last weekend.

Last February Mr Charles McHugh, aged 44, died 17 days after receiving a new heart. But Mr Keith Castle, who underwent the operation on August 19 last, is in good health. Mr Castle, who was at Papworth Hospital yesterday for a check-up sent a congratulatory telegram to Mr Barlow.

## Tourist industry awaits Mountbatten murder reaction

### Britons ready to leave Ireland

By Celia Seton

A former English army officer who had retired to a comfortable house on the west coast of Ireland told his estate agent in Dublin that he was so disgusted by the murder of Lord Mountbatten of Burma at Mullaghmore, co Sligo, that he wanted to sell it and return to Britain.

A German who owned a holiday castle in Wicklow failed to sell it to a friend for the same reason. The bookings at Irish guest houses were cancelled.

"All because of the actions of a bunch of lunatics", a leading Dublin estate agent said.

He specializes in selling houses in Ireland to retired English people. "There are a number of people who, perhaps not directly but indirectly, are moving back to England as consequence of Lord Mountbatten's murder."

It was emphasised that there was no crisis. British tourists to the birth of Lord Mountbatten's death had accepted that the people responsible were a tiny minority.

Other people concerned for Ireland's image pointed out that British tourists were unlikely ever to be in danger; it was the IRA, not the tourist, that previous targets had tended to be diplomatic, professional or leading citizens.

Mr Robertson said that the Irish government had solved the problem by closing the Old Vic if spring with further performances of such productions as *Romeo and Juliet* and *Government Inspector*.

Mr Robertson said he was slightly relieved by decision as it did not wear on. "He thought his reaction was probably the thing in the circumstances because of the change of board had decided to me under suspicion."

British tourists tend to concentrate their Irish holidays south of a line from Dublin to Galway, usually on the west coast, and frequently miss the beautiful counties of Sligo and Donegal. The spokesman said English people became more messy and a little afraid the nearer they got to the border. The Mullaghmore outrage would do nothing to help to attract more holidaymakers to that area.

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However, a similar decision could arise for the new director, since Timothy West became artistic director of the company, he said.

Mr Robertson said he had originally planned to open the Old Vic three years ago.

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## Director of Old Vic quits over board policy

By Martin Huckerby  
Theatre Reporter

The Old Vic Company spring tour has been cancelled and its policy of strict anti-narrative programming is to be reversed because of decisions which have led to the resignation of the company's director, Mr Tony Robertson.

The board of Prospect Productions, which presents Old Vic shows, announced yesterday that Mr Robert, who has been the company's director since 1964, had to be released next March.

Mr Timothy West, the art

who has been associated with the company since 1966, been appointed artistic director for 1980-81.

Mr David Kay, the ac

that particularly for finan-

# THE ESSENTIAL SERVICE FOR INVESTORS WITH OVER £24,999

## The Vanbrugh Investment Portfolio

Over the past decade the private investor has seen the attractions of a good Blue Chip portfolio undermined by inflation and a series of economic crises. Since 1968 shares as a whole have failed to make any advance in price, let alone achieve real growth. Moreover the stock market has been alarmingly volatile, at its worst in 1973/74 when prices fell by over 70%.

Investors seeking comfort in the 'safe haven' of a building society account have of late enjoyed relatively high rates of interest and nominal capital security but all the time inflation has quietly stripped their capital and the income it produces of its original purchasing power. Since 1st January 1970 the value of £10,000 invested in a building society has been reduced to less than £5,600 in real terms, even allowing for the reinvestment of interest after basic rate tax.

Never before has the private investor stood in greater need of the highest level of professional management. This is particularly true for those with substantial capital funds who need to invest strategically for the 1980's so as to give their money the maximum possible long-term protection against volatile markets and severe inflation, while organising their affairs in such a way as to minimise their liability to taxation.

*The Vanbrugh Investment Portfolio has been specifically devised for such investors.*

This service (VIP for short) allows investors with £25,000 or more to benefit from all the investment resources and expertise of the Prudential Group, while enjoying exceptionally close contact with the people managing their money.



Mr. Peter Moody, Joint Chief Investment Manager of the Prudential, speaking on 'The Private Investor in the 80's'.

## Facing the 1980's with confidence

The underlying problems of the 1970's, especially the inter-related menaces of high inflation, oil crises and world economic recession, show no sign of disappearing. What is essential today is that any investor re-appraising his portfolio should adopt a thoroughly realistic attitude to the future. To be successful in the 80's, it will be necessary to have learnt the lessons of the 70's.

**Combating inflation.** Longer term investments must be linked to real assets. Property is especially valuable as the one investment sector where assets can achieve real capital growth without being subject to the persistent volatility which affects equities.

**Reducing risk.** The individual must spread his investments over a much wider field than in the past, taking advantage of the Equity Market when conditions are favourable. Property for stability and Gilts at times of high interest rates like today. Very few private investors have the time or the ability to manage such a spread of investment. Professional help is therefore imperative.

**Maintaining flexibility.** It is vital to be able to respond to rapidly changing investment conditions, so that one's capital is never 'locked in' to a sector where prospects look poor—or into the UK alone, when overseas markets are more attractive.

**Minimising taxation.** Investments must be organised in such a way as to escape the most

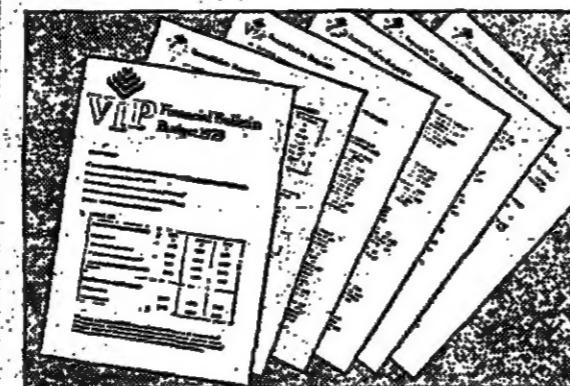
devastating effects of high taxation and to take full advantage of all available reliefs.

## Good communications

VIP offers the larger investor first-class investment management through a range of tax-efficient funds coupled with a level of personal service which would simply not be practical at an initial investment level of less than £25,000. So that he knows exactly what is happening to his money and why, the VIP investor receives:

**Quarterly Investment Bulletins...** analysing economic events in the UK and overseas... providing the Investment Managers' interpretation of economic and other factors as they affect each sector of the investment market... detailing decisions in respect of all Vanbrugh investment funds... quoting fund performance figures, including comparisons with relevant indices.

**Annual Fund Reports...** reviewing the progress of each fund.



Our special post-Budget Financial Bulletin was released to VIP investors within 48 hours.

**Financial Bulletins...** explaining how fiscal and legislative developments may influence individual investment portfolios and suggesting new opportunities or prescribing appropriate counter-measures.

**Statements and Valuations...** Statements are issued after each transaction—and valuations on request. Also a detailed annual valuation sets out all the transactions that have taken place during the year.

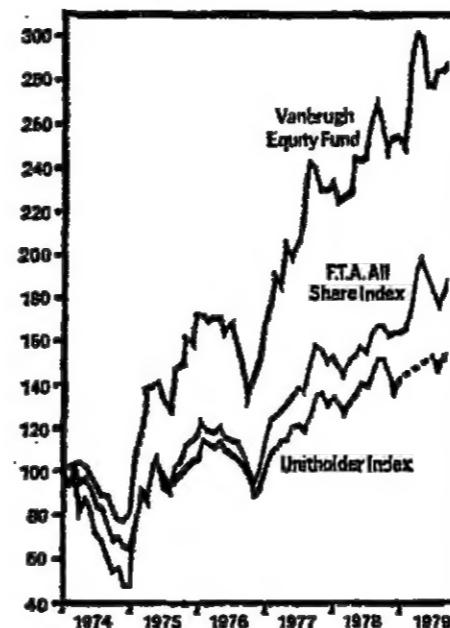
## Invitations to Investment Conferences

...To provide VIP investors with a chance to meet the Investment Directors and Fund Managers responsible for their investments, they are invited every year to a VIP Investment Conference. In 1979 this was held at the Savoy and investors took full advantage of the opportunity to hear the Investment Directors' view of economic circumstances and prospects and also to discuss their own portfolios with the fund management teams.

## Totally professional management

Vanbrugh is a member of the Prudential Group and all six Vanbrugh Investment Funds benefit from the vast expertise of the Prudential's Investment Departments. The Equity Fund benefits directly from all the resources of a company that holds over 3% of the entire UK equity market and employs over 60 equity

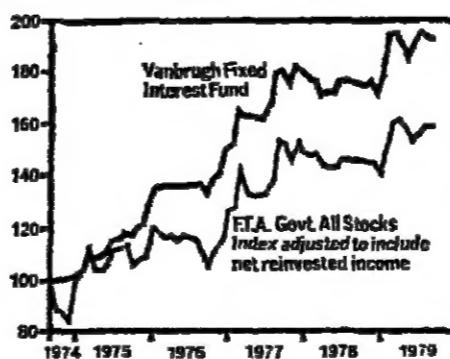
specialists. The value of this wealth of expertise is illustrated by the graph below which compares the outstanding performance of the Fund since inception with the relevant FT index (adjusted to allow for net reinvested income and Capital Gains Tax) and the Unitholder Index (which reflects the average performance of all unit trusts).



The Property Fund, valued at over £65m, enjoys the experience of over 100 years of property investment by the Prudential, the country's largest commercial property owners. Since its inception in January 1974, an investment in the Fund has appreciated by 78.4% as at 30th September 1979, compared with an average of 37% for similar funds measured by the Money Management Weighted Property Bond Index.

The Fixed Interest Fund offers investors an actively managed portfolio of fixed interest securities covering the complete range of the gilt-edged and money markets, managed by the Prudential's highly experienced fixed interest department.

The performance of the Fund between its inception on 23rd September 1974 and 30th September 1979, against its relevant index, is illustrated by the graph below.



To complete the range of investment funds available to VIP investors: The International Fund provides investors with the opportunity to diversify their assets overseas (now particularly attractive following the recent abolition of exchange control regulations) through a portfolio of securities invested throughout the world.

## Exchanging Shares and Gilts for a VIP investment.

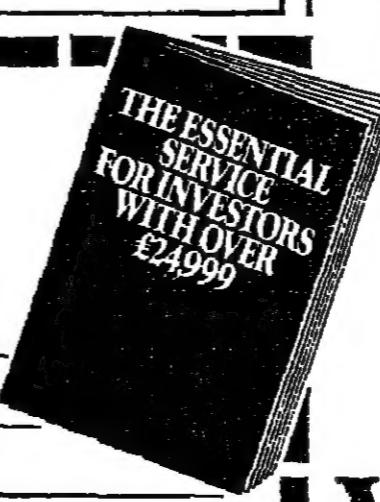
Vanbrugh offer highly attractive exchange schemes to investors wishing to convert a portfolio of quoted UK and overseas securities and gilt-edged stocks into the Vanbrugh Investment Portfolio.

TO: Vanbrugh Life Assurance Ltd.  
41/43 Maddox Street, London W1R 9LA.  
Telephone: 01-499 4923.

Please send me your booklet on the VIP service.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



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A MEMBER OF THE PRUDENTIAL GROUP

The Cash Fund offers a totally secure haven during times when all other sectors look unattractive and includes a guarantee that investments held in the Fund will not fall in value.

Investors may retain strategic control of their capital by spreading their portfolio between the funds and switching from fund to fund on particularly attractive terms.

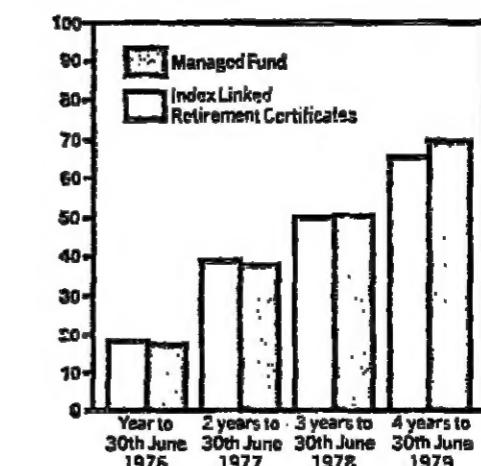
Alternatively, investors may place total responsibility for the investment of their portfolio in the hands of the Prudential through investing in the Managed Fund.

## A totally balanced portfolio

We defined a realistic investment policy for the 1980's as one that has safeguards against inflation, is devised to escape excessive volatility and is capable of responding flexibly to changing investment opportunities and hazards.

The Vanbrugh Managed Fund scores very positively on all these counts.

Against the only investment medium available to investors which is guaranteed to match inflation—Index Linked Savings Certificates—the Managed Fund has to date performed most creditably. The table below compares the year by year growth of an investment in Index Linked Retirement Certificates with the Managed Fund since the Certificates were first issued in June 1975.



Investments in the Managed Fund are spread between all the specialist funds and the Vanbrugh Investment Managers assume full responsibility for deciding on the best distribution of assets to match changing investment conditions.

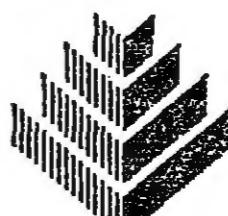
The value of this active approach to investment management is illustrated in the table below which compares the growth record of the Fund with a static holding in each of the most popular investment sectors, i.e. equities, gilts and building societies, between inception of the Fund in January 1974 and 30th September 1979.

EQUITIES	FT Ind. Ord. Indx:	+61.5%
	FT A. All Share Indx (adjusted to allow for net reinvested income and CGT)	+89.5%
GILTS	FT A. Govt. All Stocks Indx (adjusted to include net reinvested income)	+38.1%
BUILDING SOCIETY	Including net reinvested interest	+48.9%
VANBRUGH MANAGED FUND	+91.9%	

\*B.S.I. recommends min. for paid-up share account.

We've prepared a short booklet on our VIP service which every investor with £25,000 needs to read.

IF YOU RETURN THE COUPON TO US, WE'LL BE DELIGHTED TO SEND YOU A COPY IMMEDIATELY. IT COULD HELP YOU FACE THE 1980'S WITH A GREAT DEAL MORE CONFIDENCE.



## HOME NEWS

**Mrs Thatcher warned by Mr Powell over deal with Eire leader**From Christopher Thomas  
Belfast

the Taoiseach's political demands in return for unspecified assistance on his part in dealing with the IRA, the United States, the EEC, or who knows what, not a single thing that has happened... would have needed to be different."

Mr Humphrey Atkins, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, had proceeded in a commendably quiet and unostentatious fashion to acquaint himself with the province, he added. But three weeks ago, in the stupefaction of the Commons, he suddenly announced a constitutional conference. The Commons could hardly credit that Mr Atkins had not breached a word of his intention to the party leaders with whom he had been in consultation a day or two before.

"It was soon rumoured that the Prime Minister personally had given the orders, as it was also rumoured that she personally had prompted the deferment of the publication of the Boundary Commission's draft proposals for Ulster's additional five or six seats in Parliament", he said.

One thing was certain. If Mr Lynch had given instructions for all this, it could not have been more closely in accord with the Taoiseach's wishes. Our Political Correspondent writes: Mr Gerard Fitt, MP for Belfast, West, who on Wednesday resigned as leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party, said last night that the Government were now to throw the affairs of Ulster back into the melting pot of the dark era of 1972-75, it would incur a needless and fearful responsibility."

He said the idea that terrorism in Ulster could be bought off or counteracted by constitutional change of any kind was a natural but dangerous delusion. The men of violence would interpret every move made under that impression as evidence that they were bound to win and were already winning; that the population at large would be rendered correspondingly more vulnerable and disheartened.

In a speech at Banbridge, co Down, during which he released the text of his letter, Mr Powell said: "In a personal note has been made between Mr Lynch and the Prime Minister whereby she would do her best to fulfil

**Pill with lower hormone dosage available soon**

By a Staff Reporter

The Department of Health and Social Security has granted a product licence for a new oral contraceptive with a total hormone dosage between 30 per cent and 40 per cent lower than that of existing low-dose pills.

The pill, which is already available in West Germany, will be available in Britain on prescription by the end of next year. It is manufactured by Schering AG.

Preparations are being made at Hammersmith Hospital for a fallopian tube transplant operation. The operation will involve twin sisters and will use micro-surgery techniques.

The hospital said yesterday that no date had been set for the operation. The first fallopian tube transplant operation in Britain was carried out in Gateshead, Tyne and Wear, in October, 1978.

**Date set for disclosure of advice body's demise**

By Pat Healy

Social Services Correspondent

The Closure of the Personal Social Services Council (PSSC), one of two remaining bodies that give policy advice to ministers, is expected to be announced in the first week of December.

Mr Patrick Jenkins, Secretary of State for Social Services, is expected to publish at the same time his decisions on the future of 50 "quangos" under urgent review.

A further announcement is expected to include the demise of the other surviving policy advisory body, the Central Health Service Council, which jointly runs the statutory children's committee with the National Institute of Social Work.

The decision to close the PSSC, disclosed in The Times yesterday, is to be discussed next week by the two local authority associations that meet half its cost.

The social services commit-

**Fourth London authority bans cane in schools**

By Our Education Correspondent

Walham Forest has decided to ban corporal punishment in its schools. It is the fourth local authority, all Labour-controlled and all in London, to make such a decision in the last two months.

In Waltham Forest corporal punishment was stopped in primary schools from the beginning of this school year. The council decided on Thursday night to extend the ban to its 28 secondary schools from next term.

The AMA is not expected to oppose the closure of the PSSC, but there are doubts within the association's social services committee about the wisdom of Mr Jenkins's proposal to transfer the PSSC's research function to the National Institute of Social Work.

"We need to know whether the institute has the capacity to carry out the research and development role of the PSSC," Mrs Patricia Brown, a member of the committee, said yesterday.

Mr Thomas Scott, education secretary of the Society of Teachers Opposed to Physical Punishment, said yesterday that the society was delighted.

**Life sentence for double killing**

Keith Roles, aged 20, of Victoria Road, Stevenage, Hertfordshire, was jailed at St Albans Crown Court yesterday for life after being convicted of murdering a woman and her daughter, aged six.

The jury were told that Mr Roles killed Mrs Ling Lau, aged 34, with 14 stab wounds from a commando-style dagger and then stabbed her daughter Rosemary four times in her bed.

Independent school pupils won 57, or two fifths, of 140 scholarships awarded in England and Wales.

Mr Oscar Hahn, director of Guest Keen and Nettlefolds and chairman of the committee which selects the successful scholarship candidates, said that the quality of most of the 700 applicants this year was very high, and some showed quite outstanding ability.

Independent school pupils won 57, or two fifths, of 140 scholarships awarded in England and Wales.

Mr Davies had suggested a

four-year sentence for the robbery.

Roy Allen, aged 43, a builder,

of Holdbrook Estate, Waltham Cross, was jailed for 18 years

after being convicted of two robberies.

Terence Lowe, aged 43, of Clapton Common, Stamford Hill, was jailed for 15 years after being convicted of two robberies.

Norman Harris, aged 40, of West Road, Elyton, Somerset, was jailed for nine years, having been

convicted of a robbery committed four years ago.

Mr Davies was arrested in

1978, and began telling

police about armed robberies

involving more than £750,000.

During several trials at St Albans Crown Court he gave

evidence against other men

who were on the robberies with him. He was originally sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment, which was reduced to seven years on appeal.

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West Road, Elyton, Somerset,

was jailed for nine years,

having been convicted of a

robbery committed four years

ago.

Mr Davies, from Orpington,

became a proof-puller, a job

which was interrupted by six

years' war service in the Royal

**BBC's planning strategy badly affected by inflation**

By Kenneth Gosling

Mr William Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, in his introduction to two important study papers on aspects of BBC financing, says the corporation's planning strategy has been badly affected by inflation.

Proposals in the papers would provide a basis on which to establish a new understanding between the Government and the BBC in planning while maintaining the BBC's editorial independence.

He also understands, he said, the difficulties people face in paying annually for their television licences.

The report of the working party on the administration of the broadcast receiving licence (a joint BBC, Home Office and Post Office committee) would enable him to decide how to alleviate that while maintaining the integrity of the system.

In a close examination of the licensing system, the first study, a joint Home Office-BBC enterprise, comments that none of the four licence fee increases since 1969-70 would

have been needed had the rate of inflation not been so high.

Indeed, the changeover to colour would have nearly doubled the available revenue, so that licence fees could have almost been halved.

While the fee had gone up in 10 years from £1 to £25, the payer had received good value. In terms of the index of retail prices, the colour viewer paid 25 per cent less for 20 per cent more television, the monochrome viewer 40 per cent less for a similar increase.

Giving an estimate that by 1982 more than four-fifths of all licences would be for colour, the report says it means that the buoyancy that existed in the system in the 1970s, with many people switching to colour, producing more revenue from the same fees, was likely to last a few years longer. There appeared to be little or no scope for increasing new or increased fees for a new broadcasting service.

At present, inflation levels seemed likely to continue to be treated by the Government with the same type of secrecy as was given to budget changes.

Secondly, and arguably more important, the government should signify its agreement to provisional planning figures for BBC expenditure for a three or four year period even though a particular licence fee increase might be enough.

Paying by direct debit might be extended to the whole of the country if a pilot scheme in the Bristol area was successful.

Some restrictions apply to minor licences with an annual rate of £15 or more than for the shorter period.

To be eligible to use the facility, the managers of all the

shops have said that it is longer worthwhile to employ staff and to provide the specialist working environment job demands, namely a gross

and the cost of his materials presents for his

customers has become excessive.

Mr John Caulier, director of Debenham's store, said Santa Claus had been put out of the market.

"We have always had

here, and it is with regret

that we have decided not to

do it this year. It takes

three weeks to set up a

shop, and costs about £1

£2,000 a lot of time and

of effort.

"Another thing is that Santa

are in short supply. It is

an easy job; I certainly wo

not do it for a million pounds.

Mr Caulier said.

A similar decision has b

taken by the local branch

of the Royal Arsenal Co-opera

tive Society, whose manager

Bert Lawrence, said: "We d

not have Father Chri

mas this year because it is

possible to have a child a

whole year for £1.

"And how many pe

would want to pay a poun

for him? Fifty pence wo

be enough for any par

ent."

Mr Victor Hodges, gen

eral manager of the Guild

branch of the Army and I

Stores, has also reduced

Christmas sales staff by one

man.

"We stopped because of

amount of floor space we

available for the toy de

partment, and we could not afford to lose the area a fairy g

taken up."

Although short-time wor

kers reduced the Claus in

Guilford, the old gentl

will still be fully emplo

yed Oxford Street, London. He

been installed in the

branch of Debenhams for

past two weeks, handing

gifts at £50 each from th

end of a Paddington

grocery.

He has also had his re

shift since October 22 at

fridges, where he works in

air-conditioned air of a Brixton

grocery, occupying a floor

normally used for exhib

itions, which quite pro

considers Christmas nor

ganised until November 25, sal

would be unthinkable

Guildford may yet get t

him. A shop named The

Hospital is hoping to offe

work, but only at weekends

**Santa Claus gets the sack in three stores**

By Alan Hamilton

Ever increasing inflation h

as forced short-time working









# Saturday Review



Illustration by Michael Trebilcot

I had done myself pretty well that evening in the coffee-room at the Irving. After a couple of caviare, I had ended up with a hot-house wine, sharing a bottle of '26 Aloxe with my neighbour. Others at the common table I had noticed, were in some mood. In those August days, there were a few of us who were not at home where we should be a th later, nor even that the world would still be in existence. For the moment, however, in the conversation under that magnificence, all seemed cheerful reassuring.

We sat over a glass of wine, port in the members' lounge, in the members' lounge, I mentioned this air of my table-companion. He was much more than he was and is one of my friends. Although he only a brief part in this, I must say something of his name is Roger Harvey, the same as mine—40—his employment elsewhere. Overseas Office, some very remote from the corner of that institution, where he has never spoken to such as myself. My deductions were shortly confirmed.

nodded agreement with mark. "Most of them still really believe it's coming, don't take it in."

"Yes," he said, with a knew well, it meant that is certain, but was not to lead the grounds of his

my. "you be staying in half?"

"another week or so. I disappear. And you've heard nothing precise, give there will be plenty for my section?"

"deed there will," said in a grim tone. "Nor at perhaps, but later—not of it. I must leave you; I have a lot of clearing-do at the office. But if it's anything one-twentieth markable as what I came yesterday, I shall be very surprised."

a sound mysterious." mean to. Excuse me a bit."

Friend went to the hall, his despatch case was, exactly recruited carrying

or cross-crossed with pink

and this where it should be seen," said Harvey, so much misfied. "I think as 'hidden' idea some time ago." I added, looking at the content of what he had brought, as old as we are—in it that could be of greatest interest to Master otherwise of course: it have left the office." At does this red disc

of use now, but it used a "Destroy when acted

sumably not acted upon.

it must have been actuary dear fellow. When you'll agree that what might or might not opened, what's in here?"

sped the folder—"would've acted upon all right; I missed any record of keep for what I'll call my value."

gazing at Harvey. "I'm it? Why?"

not if you've nothing to do? I'll take your off, I'm apprehending.

And you're pretty being its ideal reader,

fascinated with the if anyone ever was, the took place in your part world and you have a imagination combined strong nerves. I'll be led to hear what you fit. Forgive me now—phone and arrange a store vanish. Give my Celia." I will."

all be sorry to miss your Good night."

Harvey had gone. I bridge four in process

ering, joined it and in the cardroom till seven. The next evening I fiancée to dinner and

and, so it was forty-eight hours before our slipping the tapes

ve's folder, with no

of expectation, for attempts of his to feed

for the "bizarre" a more to the goodness

heart than his understanding of what might appeal

ast. Only the previous he had drawn my attention to a most commonplace the supernatural in the

But any distraction come just then, with

troops reported on the

towards the borders of

Cela visiting her mother.

I open the folder, so you may care to learn about the person who it upon himself to you its contents I in by explaining what had meant, in the at the Irving, by my the world: the general the eastern Mediterranean. It is mine in a double was brought up in the

a British diplomat in.

You have news for me,

## The house on the headland

by Kingsley Amis

Yes. You've done well, Vassos. Merci."

"Ertokalisto, Kyrie."

A couple of hours after Vassos had left the office, a large, well-built young man with baggy trousers and a dirty face was riding an elderly donkey along the path that led from the base of the headland to the house at its tip. When still some fifty yards from his objective he found his way barred by a freshly-painted iron railing with what proved to be a locked gate. There was bell above the gate, and it was ringing instead of ringing the obvious course. The new arrival fled up his mount to the railing and wandered in apparent perplexity along it first to his left, finding that it ended at a precipice, or rather projected a yard into thin air, then in the other direction far enough to see that it ran down a broken slope to the water's edge. Where it crossed naked rock each upright was rooted in a heavy cross-bar. Those three earlier residents had not wasted their week. The railing was quite enough to deter any intruder, but it was quite enough to see to it that idle curiosity remained unsatisfied. The intervention of some olive-trees and a dip in the ground gave poor view of the house itself from the landward side of the railing, except that it appeared to be shaped like an L or perhaps a T and had one or more outbuildings close to it.

While the person with the donkey, who carried a punier load of fresh figs, was looking vaguely in that direction, a man came out of the little olive-grove. He wore servants' clothing and as he approached he called out in a Peloponnesian accent, "Count Axel, your master, distinguished sir."

Count Axel is not here. Now go."

The Peloponnesian turned his back and retreated the way he had come. After making a blasphemous gesture and muttering a number of imprecations, the unsuccessful vendor of figs returned his donkey and went down the path. Not a hair of menace said Courtenay to himself, just total discouragement designed to set the word going about that there was no profit to be had at the house on the headland. What meaning was to be attached to the implied denial of Count Axel's existence, followed by the explicit denial of his presence? his existence, and his status as the recent purchaser of the house, having been easily enough established by earlier inquiry in the port. Perhaps no more than simple desire to be obstructive, Axel—presumably a Scandinavian name. Could Sweden or Denmark have any designs in Crete?

Early the next morning an observer at the house could have noticed (and doubtless one or more did) the antics of a large fishing kayak in the waters close to it. The wind was steady enough, the sea calm, but some inexperience or inaptitude at sail or tiller saw to it that the boat, borne only by the current, drifted past the tip of the headland at a speed low enough to keep it within a couple of hundred yards of that spot for several

"What could you not have seen? What ails you?"

"No, Kyrie, forgive me, I can't say. On the head of St Peter I swear it was nothing you asked me to look for."

"Oh, very well. Did anyone see?"

"Certainly not. I waited till they were all gone and then I paddled away; I didn't even row at first."

"Excellent. Can you take me out there? We will be two fisherman who happen to be, brought. (He does not say so, but since in the Greek-speaking world nothing of importance is ever discussed except over coffee, I have thought the inference a safe one, like others. I have drawn here and there.)

"Excellent. Can you take me out there? We will be two fisherman who happen to be, brought. (He does not say so, but since in the Greek-speaking world nothing of importance is ever discussed except over coffee, I have thought the inference a safe one, like others. I have drawn here and there.)

"When, Kyrie?"

"Now, if possible."

After some thought, Vassos said, "Better tomorrow morning, Kyrie. I will speak to your lordship care for some of my fine fruit? Two piastres for the whole."

"We need none. We have our own supply."

"One and a half piastres."

A couple of hours after Vassos had left the office, a large, well-built young man with baggy trousers and a dirty face was riding an elderly donkey along the path that led from the base of the headland to the house at its tip. When still some fifty yards from his objective he found his way barred by a freshly-painted iron railing with what proved to be a locked gate. There was bell above the gate, and it was ringing instead of ringing the obvious course. The new arrival fled up his mount to the railing and wandered in apparent perplexity along it first to his left, finding that it ended at a precipice, or rather projected a yard into thin air, then in the other direction far enough to see that it ran down a broken slope to the water's edge. Where it crossed naked rock each upright was rooted in a heavy cross-bar. Those three earlier residents had not wasted their week. The railing was quite enough to deter any intruder, but it was quite enough to see to it that idle curiosity remained unsatisfied. The intervention of some olive-trees and a dip in the ground gave poor view of the house itself from the landward side of the railing, except that it appeared to be shaped like an L or perhaps a T and had one or more outbuildings close to it.

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minutes. Shouts and curses filled the air; men ran to and fro on the deck. Courtenay, crouched below the gunwale with his binoculars, saw no more than one thing of the least significance, but it was enough to make him send for Barnes.

"Bricked up?" queried Barnes on the evening of the next day. "Are you sure? How recently?"

"I'm sure," said Courtenay. "Not being a bricklayer, I couldn't tell how recently, but I'd wager it brand-new work to, certainly less than a year old. I'm still trying to find the man who did it. Of course, it might have been one of them."

"There being no point in blocking a single window..."

"And no window-tax or anything of that sort..."

"We'll start looking in the morning."

They looked for the best part of two days—through the stout naval telescope Barnes had brought on Courtenay's advice, their vanquish point a judicious spot on the far side of the bay house. It was established at once that the outbuilding noted by Courtenay had had at least two of its windows bricked up, and gradually that, to go by Vassos's figures, there were either five or six persons in the party who never ventured into the air. At morning, noon and evening someone emerged from the main house, carrying a large tray covered with a cloth and disappeared round the corner of the outbuilding to where the door was. He was later retrieving it piled with empty dishes. Another visitor, on both afternoons, was a tall man with white hair and a complexion proclaiming an origin far to the north of where he now was.

"Count Axel," said Barnes, "Yes, but who's he going to visit?" asked Courtenay. "Who can he be keeping in there? Why on earth?"

Neither had any idea.

They also looked through their telescope, taking alternate watches, for the best part of a night. The moon, approaching the full, gave them an excellent view. The man they had identified as Count Axel visited the outbuilding from 9.27 to 9.53.

By 11.00 the house was in darkness and the grounds, as far as could be seen, deserted.

On the second afternoon, a messenger from Courtenay's office ran them down and said that a jobbing builder had called there, saying he was the man he had heard the English tyros wished to see. Courtenay went and was back within the hour, looking well satisfied.

Vassos was waiting for them.

When they reached his boat he said gravely, "Kyrie Cartree, Kyrie Barnes, I entreat you not to do as you intend."

"Let's hear your views on the job," said Barnes.

"Well, they have a strong enough force to seize a strategic point on the coast and hold it while their friends arrive in battalions. They certainly have enough to do for Prince George. I feel we'll learn the whole story in the next couple of hours."

Vassos was waiting for them.

Since Courtenay had not been pursued and no observable alarm had been raised, it seemed probable that he had killed or otherwise silenced his assailant.

Courtenay made another great effort, this time to speak again.

"Terrific," he seemed to say, "to fill . . ." After a single indistinct further sound he fainted.

"He has seen," said Vassos.

"Let's get him into the boat," said Barnes.

When Courtenay was lying unconscious in the bows, Vassos lifted his hand to help Barnes aboard. It was not taken.

"Take him back and fetch a doctor," said Barnes. "You have never seen this man before; you found him on the beach. Then return here and wait for me. If I don't come by first light, everything is changed. Go to the English bay in the town and tell him what you know."

Vassos signified assent and rowed away into the darkness.

Since Courtenay had not been pursued and no observable alarm had been raised, it seemed probable that he had killed or otherwise silenced his assailant.

"We have to do it, Vassos," said Courtenay. "It is duty."

"I know nothing of that. Then you will go?"

"Of course. Do you expect us to turn back at this stage?"

"No, Kyrie, but remember I entreated you to."

"Very well. Now let us move."

By midnight they had reached the spot carefully chosen through the telescope. The two Englishmen disembarked;

Vassos took his boat a few yards off into deep shadow. The climb ahead of Courtenay looked a good deal more formidable than they had had reason to expect, but he indicated that he could manage it and was soon out of sight. Barnes himself was in shadow and settled down to wait, till half an hour before dawn if need be. If Courtenay had not rejoined him before then, it was to be assumed, as agreed, that he had been forcibly prevented from doing so. In that eventuality, Barnes was to return whence he had come and inform the British authorities.

Meanwhile he was to be on hand to cover the withdrawal.

In 55 minutes he heard Courtenay returning. This surprised and dismayed Barnes: the junior officer was famous in the Department for his ability, unexpected perhaps in so big a man, to move over the most difficult ground in silence. Was he who approached indeed Courtenay? Barnes stiffened position and drew his revolver.

Courtenay came into view, but he was not the Courtenay who had set off to climb the face of the headland. The dimly-seen figure lurched and tottered from side to side, as if almost overcome by intolerable lassitude.

"Courtenay," called Barnes, softly but urgently. "Over here."

With obvious, toilsome effort, the other changed direction and took half a dozen weary steps towards the voice. Then he fell forward and did not move.

Barnes revolver in pocket ran to him and turned him over onto his back. The eyes were open. After a moment they recognized Barnes: another moment later the whole face took on a look of enormous loathing.

"Don't go up there," said Courtenay.

"What did you find?"

Vassos, disincarnation to set foot on the headland forgotten, was at his side.

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## PERSONAL CHOICE



Abbot, Freddie Starr and Norman Collier in Freddie's Variety Madhouse. (ITV, 8.15).

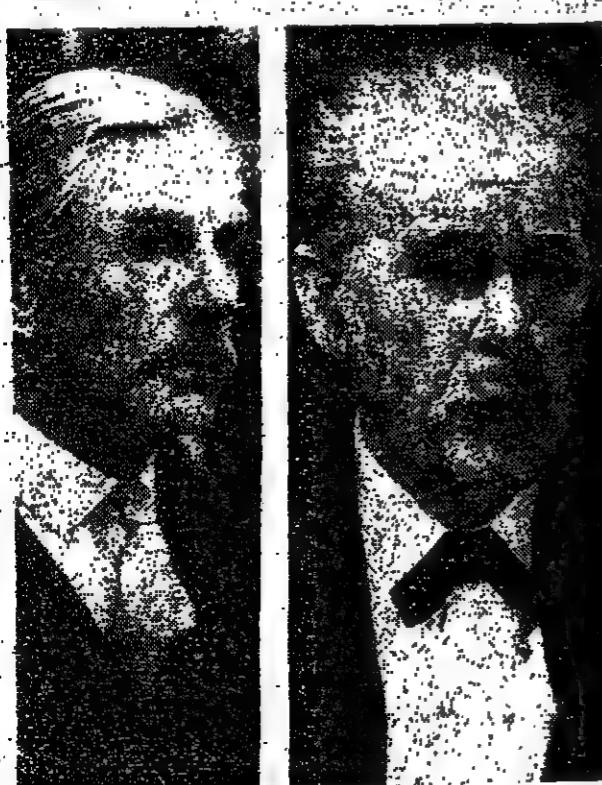
A television programme about steam trains are by far, laments for something noisy and lovable that has been put out of our lives. Tonight's BBC 2 feature *With a Fine Engine* (5.35) looks back, to be sure. But it is shot with optimism, too, because it also tells how some of old's steam railways are managing to survive. As enthusiasts fund-raising outing from Edinburgh to Aviemore, the goes along with them. I think this is a journey you, too, enjoy making tonight.

*At the Races* (BBC 2, 11.40) is the Marx Brothers film the horse doctor (Groucho Marx), in charge of a sanatorium on the lunatic events that finally spill over on to the track. It was made two years after the rascally *A Night at the Races* and by the same director, Sam Wood. There are suitable moments in it, like Chico's fast-talking Groucho and his steam railway, and Groucho, taking Groucho's mind saying "Either this man is dead, or my watch has stopped."

Tonight's performance of *The Magic of Music* (Radio 4, 9.30pm Tuesdays at 8.30pm) have been highly successful, the off-puking title. In the past few weeks, different have talked about, and played music from, Delius' *Sir* and Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and, in the have heightened our understanding of both works. Today, it's Verdi's turn. He has chosen Verdi's *Requiem*, trating on the theatrical element in this great work which more treasures the more you hear it.

THE SYMBOLS MEAN: + STEREO; \* BLACK AND WHITE; - FEAT.

## PERSONAL CHOICE



I. Gough as Eden. Richard Vernon as Harold Macmillan. 7.15.

Curteis, who must have laboured mightily to produce a three-hour anti-entente Suez 1956 (BBC 1, 7.15, "es-minute break somewhere in mid-crisis) courteously e to a fast refresher to it last week as a "reconstruction" affair in which the West staggered to the brink of war bolted back again. No reconstruction this, insists Curteis, but a play. A reconstruction, he argues persuasively, of fact, whereas his marathon drama is a tri of detective work, speculation, personal assessment, authenticated fact.

Curteis' name the heat should have, Suez 1956 is never less crossing and almost always easy to follow. Too easy? Curteis over simplified a thickly-textured crisis that is gone over more than 20 years afterwards? I leave that the political analysts and military strategists to quaver, peer they will be arguing over that non-reconstruction a time to come.

The Legend of King Arthur ends its eight-week run tonight (6.00) with Mordred trying to grab both throne and re. Aimed principally at young viewers, Andrew Lloyd Webber has been so intelligently written and Kenneth set so lived-in, and E. H. Barry's fight soious-looking, that the discerning viewer of any age ve been satisfied.

In Pardoe, lately Liberal MP for Cornwall, North, is a political recruit to the ranks of television presenters (30). His prospects look as good as he does; he has (but not too much) charm, a strong but lightish voice and wit. He should be an asset to this programme, tantalises television penetratingly.

Repeat of Barry Campbell's four-part serialization of Waugh's Men at Arms, first heard in 1974, begins (Radio 4, 9.03). It deserves its return. - You the Jury (4.15) puts on trial that most controversial of topics, my recommendation for today may be questioned, but strenuously I suspect because I have settled for playing the Brahms Piano Concerto No 2 with the ad (3.30 pm) and the Boston Symphony Orchestra the Barbican and Cheltenham Music at this year's Edinburgh International Festival (Radio 3, 12.05 pm).

THE SYMBOLS MEAN: + STEREO; \* BLACK AND WHITE; - FEAT.

## Broadcasting Guide

Edited by Peter Davall

## TELEVISION

## BBC 1

9.05 am Cut and Thrust: how to improve your skill with the foil (r).  
9.30 Multi-Coloured Swap Shop: all-purpose show for children, with games, including a game of *Snakes and Ladders*, and Professor Eric Laithwaite, who does some amazing scientific experiments.  
12.12 pm Weather.

12.15 Grandstand: 12.28 Bob Wilson's football focus; 12.50, 1.28 I. St Clair, plus competitions.

1.10 International Rallying: the Lombard RAC Rally, and the 4.00 International Tennis: the semi-finals of the Davis Cup Challenge from Brighton.

2.15 International Rugby Union: England v New Zealand.

3.15 Shirley Bassey: tonight she is

in Jamaica, with her guests Dusty Springfield and composer-panner Michel Legrand.  
5.05 Tom and Jerry: the cartoon *Dog Troubles*.  
5.15 News: with Angela Rippon.  
5.25 The Basil Brush Show: with Elizabeth Estensen, one of the two Liver Birds.  
6.00 Dr Who: part 1 of a new serial, *Nightmare of Eden*.

6.25 Larry Grayson's Generation Game: Miss Grayson and the lively Ida St Clair, plus competitions.

7.20 Secret Army: these dramas of Occupied Europe in the last days of World War II continue with a tale of resistance against the Nazis.

7.30 Parkinson: Mr. Parkinson with some worthwhile guests, blue player James Galway, writer Ida St Clair, and soprano Paul Plishou who sang the Nine Dances over the closing ride of Finker Taitor, Soldier Spy.

8.15 Shirley Bassey: tonight she is

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9.05 Ballads: the glossy and expensive American series about the life of rich Ewing family. Tonight: the search for the kidnapped Ewing baby.

9.30 News: with Angela Rippon.

10.00 Match of the Day: highlights of the First Division games, and the Goal of the Month competition.

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## Travel

## Time for thinking where buses have names, not numbers

Caribbean, lifestyle operates at two speeds: slow, and stop. To accept this is to preserve sanity; reject it and you are in for a heap of trouble. I learned the hard way: years ago, on my first visit to the West Indies, I saw a man sitting under a cassia tree. One foot rested on the other knee and he had put his straw hat under his head for comfort. He wasn't waiting for a bus and he wasn't selling anything; and it drove me mad that he sat so long, so uselessly. Now, as an old Caribbean hand, I know the answer. He was sitting. And when he got around to it, he'd get up and go away.

"Soon come", they say when you ask for your laundry/ breakfast/ airline confirmation—and never come at all. The telephone rings two thousand times before anyone replies; and then it's the wrong number. Electricity does eccentric things; like going out.

In fact it comes as nothing to a shock to find, after so long, that the Windward Islands are still there—despite meteorological efforts to dislodge them, such as Hurricane avit. It is reassuring to know that in their hopeless, charming tharly they haven't been wedged away to less temperate parts.

But there are still there, British Airways offices byading, at St Lucia to be seen, eight hours or so after leaving London. (Incidentally, such pain can be avoided by consulting British Airways' *overseas and Speedbird* holly brochure for Caribbean stations.)

St Lucia, with its jarring hour-d a quarter drive from Vieux Port Airport across the island the capital of Castries, where tropical equivalents of Piccadilly and Bond Street are ruled as farms. Here buses have names, numbers: *Sweet Home, Telephone, Get There Some-*

*time, Peace and Love Quality Bread*, reads a sign above a shop; and people walk with the boneless, swinging grace of leopards. Nearby, set in a perfect bay, is La Toc Hotel and Village, providing a luxurious base from which to explore the island. La Toc is the seven-year-old, chilled air-conditioning, chilled martinis, burritos to press and staff to come running. There all things are neat and set in decorous lines, with bathtubs running hot and cold, and lobster Thermidor for dinner. For greens who enjoy hitting small white balls, there is a golf course at La Toc—reminding me of another course on a nearby island where a thoughtful management imported mongooses to keep snakes off the greens, a ruse that worked so well that there are no snakes left. I tried to find out what the mongooses eat now—soft balls, very likely.

St Vincent has black beaches, boisterous breezes and, in overgrown sugar mills, ghostly reminders of satanic yesterdays when slaves were branded like cattle in the Metapoly Valley as far as the eye can see—but the banana economy slipped on its own skin, if you'll forgive the pun, when European markets purchased nearer home, saving transport costs. All of which meant that the Caribbean was manoeuvred more aggressively into a new industry, the smokeless industry of tourism. Several countries—Jamaica, Barbados, the Bahamas—were already experienced in the field and exploited to the right and sophistication their natural assets of sun, sea, sand and sedation. It was up to the others to follow.

Which they did, though not entirely in the way one might imagine. The La Tocs photocopied the success formula: air-conditioning, beach barbecues, "folkloric" entertainment, disco dancing, go-go's—and tourists do go, and adore it all.

Soufrière, for my bee-wees, is the treasure of St Lucia. It is where the Pitons—two ver-

tiginous, geological molars defying extraction—rise from the sea, dwarfing the town at their feet. In Soufrière is a place for Creole cooking. The Sidhi; while not far away are Sulphur Springs where volcanic cauldrons bubble erily like the limestone in a Kensington restaurant I occasionally use. Bee-wees? That's right, the currency of these parts, bee-wee dollars are they called; and whilst one bee-wee won't buy you much balanced nutrition, it will buy you a bell of a hangover at the local rum-shop.

St Vincent is 24 miles from St Lucia. To get there LIAT flies to Barbados (100 miles), back again to St Vincent (76 miles), so that you write off the best part of a day... dear LIAT (known affectionately to its friends as Luggage In Another Town), whatever would we do without you?

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A short sail from Palm Island is Petit St Vincent, a paradise of 113 acres, billy after Palm's fineness. There are views of Petit Martinique across

the water, the bluish shadow of Union on the horizon, of yachts moored in the bay. There are machined trees whose little green apples could poison you; and do not sit under the machined tree in the rain or dripping resin could do for you as well.

The cottages, 22 of them, are rather grand, with sitting rooms and terraces. And room service is less direct than at Claridges. What you do for afternoon tea is this: write out your order, move onto your terrace to await a flag which will be seen from the main house, inserting the order in a bamboo stick. Eventually, in the fulness of time, tea will arrive by min-

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Le Petit Piton thrusts upward at Soufrière, St Lucia.

in neighbouring Bequia, where they have facilities for decent burial. And the shop tends to run out of stock by Wednesday or Thursday. There is a bar called Basil's where most of the population go at one time or another; and here it was that I met someone who invited me to her cocktail party.

There is a novel in Musique, *The Slave*, by with the case I met at that party, a rich Indian Army major, the rich widow complaining of her poverty to the American doctor, the mysterious blonde whose name we were not told, a dog named Dynamite, and an English noblewoman marked by sorrow. Inevitably, there was the lush:

"Darling," she announced, spilling a little rum, "we're so nice to each other at parties—when we get home."

Well, there is a serpent in every Garden of Eden; and these islands are as close to Eden as we shall find on this planet. And if you are drawn to melancholy, this will open another dimension of Caribbean experience.

In the West Indian negro, descendant

of a slave culture, there is a brooding quality: I do not think they hate us; neither do they love us; for they have little cause to do so. Their wounds went deep, and while perhaps they have forgiven, they have never quite forgotten the sins of our fathers.

Travel Notes:

British Airways 1st class

return fare to St Lucia: £535;

Rankin Kuhn; and Thomas Cook Ltd specialize in Caribbean holidays.

There's a fortune to be made for someone writing a comprehensive Caribbean travel book.

The most reliable at the moment seems to be Fodor's Guide to the Caribbean.

Michael Watkins

## Gardening

## Seasonal ideas

This week we were invited by Electricity Council and theous firm of T. Rochford & Co. to visit their vast nursery, Hoddesdon near our home to see how the application of electricity to the growing of plants has greatly increased productivity and cut costs and fuel. Most of these electrical benefits have been available for the amateur for some time and I will write about them again one day soon. The about the developments at Rochfords is that the electrical industry has really started the problems of glasshouse growers and produced large-sized equipment to with their needs.

We walked through the of greenhouses filled three quarters of a mile scarlet poinsettias, sometimes, hundreds of thousands of cyclamen, African violets and foliage plants of descriptor I could not but reflect gloomily that half of them would be dead by Easter. They will be killed by neglect, or mind kindness in the form of watering.

It brings me to the nagging problem of Christmas. People who have always appreciated a bowl of bulbs just coming flower, a flowering pot or a foliage plant. I suggest that as an added treat you give a cache with the pot plant, or perhaps an earthware or plastic pot. This advice I offer, not the value of the but for entirely practical reasons. Some people grow pots splendidly, others keep alive for a time and then simply plant killers. There are really only main points to watch: temperature, humidity and lighting. Feeding, while an important part of the regime, critical. Most plants are in the temperature of 60-62 deg F. Cyclamen, sample I have found do ke much above 55-60 deg. Poinsettias or African violets 60 to 75 deg and a mount of humidity in the sphere—they do well in a room or a kitchen, or on a shelf filled with pebbles and stones.

Yet we have an African in a spare bedroom has flowered happily for ast 18 months and the is not particularly

too there are some delightful real copper handmade watering cans, one or two pint size. Wheal not actually in use they are very decorative ornaments.

For anyone who has a greenhouse, a conservatory or a sun room where they grow plants, I suggest a splendid gift would be a small electric fan with a special fixing bracket. This fan is suspended at the far end of the greenhouse, right up in the apex of the roof pointing downwards at an angle of 10 degrees. It is built for continuous running in the damp conditions of a greenhouse; it costs almost nothing to run and should go for years.

It thrusts the warm air that has risen to the top of the greenhouse down again, drying off condensed moisture from the leaves of plants at night and thus preventing attacks of mildew and other diseases.

Also I am sure it must save on heating costs. My wife for some reason had missed these fans and was much impressed by the absence of disease in our greenhouses when we installed one 18 months ago. These fans are obtainable in garden centres or in case of difficulty from Homer Ltd, Postal Services Centre, The Works, Blacksmith Lane, Chelmsford, Essex, SG1 1RE, price £13.60 postage included.

Now for a quick look at other possible gifts for those who garden indoors or in the open. A Sudbury soil testing kit, pack of Phostrogen, the most popular and inexpensive soluble plant fertiliser costing from a few pence to several pounds are sure to please. Thermometers, rain gauges, barometers, frost warners are all welcome gifts and a stamped addressed envelope to Dingley Ltd, PO Box 172, Warrington, Cheshire, WA1 1LZ, will bring an illustrated broadsheet, price list and an article by an internationally famous meteorologist explaining how to get the best use out of these modern instruments.

Secateurs and shears are always welcome. I have never understood why the Wilkinson two-headed pruner at £12.20 has never really caught the imagination of gardeners. It was invented by Wilkinson's design staff for their chairman who developed arthritis in his hands and could not prune his roses with ordinary secateurs. The design team just put the "Knick-fit" blades on 14in handles. With this tool one can prune roses or other shrubs with ease and keep well away from the thorns. I accept that one cannot slip this two-handed pruner into a pocket, but whenever I have any serious pruning to do I always take our two-handed pruner.

Now for some stocking fillers, or low priced articles keeping a house plant and that is why I suggest give a cache pot, or ornamental deep saucer with the pot plant. Or, if your friend has already pot plants, give some saucers. The point is you pour a tablespoonful of water into the at breakfast time, the will draw up what it by lunch time and then in empty the saucer. You learn how much water plant is likely to draw naturally the amount will with the size of plant, the material into which we insert the lower stems when making flower arrangements.

Garden calendars are also reasonably priced gifts and of course there are hundreds of books for those interested in gardens and plants but more about these another day.

Roy Hay

The invention of the mainspring by Peter Henlein of Nuremberg just after year 1500 heralded the era of portable timepieces and watches. The distinction between clocks and watches is unclear in the early years; it is only when watches arrived in the pocket that it becomes clear that watches and clocks are going their separate ways.

Cromwell and the Puritan revolution, digits of one's tax and taxation are credited with the invention of placing a watch in a pocket; a small oval silvered case made around 1625 which belonged to Cromwell and was clearly suitable for pocketing it in the British Museum.

The intervening centuries have seen an immense amount of ingenuity and invention applied to the apparently narrow field of watchmaking. At first the ingenuity was largely of a decorative nature; it was formed over a period when many watches were still available; it has many interesting and rare examples, that are not familiar.

Among the earliest pieces is

less bad at actually telling the time. In later times, particularly from the late eighteenth century onwards ingenuity and care has been lavished on the creation of provision instruments.

There are thus two separate strands of special interest in the field, the changes in technology leading to high precision watchmaking, and decoration—with all the most intricate achievements of the goldsmith and jewellers' art applied to watch cases. The two strands are not, of course, mutually exclusive; on occasion they come together.

Because of the ingenuity and care lavished upon these watches have always been collector's items—even from the earliest days when they were bought as curiosities. Several major collections of watches have been formed over the past 100 years and there are today more collectors in the field than ever. However, steeply rising prices and the

removal from the market of many rare pieces through museum acquisition, makes a major collection more difficult to form from year to year.

This makes the sale of the Belin collection at Sotheby's next Thursday a particularly notable occasion. The Belins are a distinguished Washington family and the collection was begun by Ferdinand Lamont Belin when he was attached to the United States Legation in Peking in 1917. He continued as an ardent collector throughout his life—he died in 1963—and the collection was added to by his son, Captain Belin, and his wife, who have finally decided to sell the collection.

The Belin collection was until recently unknown to the aficionados of this particular collecting field. Since it was formed over a period when many watches were still available it has many interesting and rare examples, that are not familiar.

Among the earliest pieces is

sixteenth century clockwatch, many rare pieces through alarm, by Nicholas Volant of Paris. The gilt metal case is intricately worked; the gilt dial plate is engraved with figures, rabbits and scrolling foliage; the sides are pierced to allow the chimes to sound out, but in a lattice of birds, animals and flowers. After so much work had been lavished on the working of the watch and the case, the maker easily admits that it is not good as a time piece by incorporating a sundial and a compass. (It is estimated at £15,000-£20,000.)

An eighteenth century watch of Royal provenance incorporates two similar, exquisitely detailed enamel paintings. The outside of the case depicts the meeting of Dido and Aeneas, while the inside is again a delicate landscape. The seventeenth century enamel panels have been set in gold in the eighteenth century and project a movement by Josias Robert of London. The whole watch is contained in a case of rock crystal in heavy gold scrolling frames; for sheer pleasure to the eye the proportions and controlled movement of the baroque borders of this case could hardly be beaten.

Moving on into the seventeenth century, there are two outstanding examples of the use of elaborate and curious decoration to distract the owner's attention from the fact that the watch may be running an hour or so behind or ahead of time. A cruciform silver and gilt metal watch made in the early seventeenth century by Abraham Cusin of Nevers is in the form of the badge of the Order of the St. Esprit. It is essentially a cruciform box within which nestles closely a skull.

The silver outer covers are engraved with the Emblems of the Evangelists, angels, scrolling foliage and a generally mixed bag of bold and secular symbols. The inside of the case is gilt, one engraved with the Annunciation, the other with the Nativity with tiny precision—the whole is only 45mm across.

The dial plate of the watch itself lapses engagingly into the secular, with reclining naked ladies and rabbits engraved on the spiky arms of the cross. (It is estimated at £15,000-£20,000.)

The second notable seventeenth century case encloses a watch by Charles Bobinet. The case is edged with enamel flowers in high relief; the back is centred with an enamel miniature painting of Minerva

and the inside of the back is a delicate and detailed little landscape. The face of the watch is also elegantly enamelled, while a leather box to contain and protect the watch survives with delicate gold plique decoration. (It is also estimated at £15,000-£20,000.)

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Moving into the world of precision watches there is a ring watch made by Breguet for Prince Alexandre Demidoff in 1826. It is made simply in gold with an ingenious alarm mechanism. A tiny pin, smaller than a rose's thorn, emerges from the back of the watch and prickles the finger of its wearer. (It is estimated at £8,000-£12,000.)

An extraordinary monument to the delight of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century connoisseurs with historical souvenirs is the skull-shaped watch thought to date from around 1800 but engraved with the inscription: "The gift of Francois King of France to Maria Stuart Queen of Scotland and of France" (in Latin).

There was apparently a story circulating around the year 1600 that Mary Queen of Scots had a skull watch which she gave to George, 1st Earl of Morton, before her execution in 1587. And here is the fake to prove it. There is another, similar, watch in the collection of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers. The skull is same height and made in silver gilt. The whole is elaborately engraved and pieced; it opens up at the teeth to reveal the inner watch face and dial. A wooden crucifix with a silver Christ figure screws into the cranium. (It is estimated at £4,000-£6,000.)

The collection contains 195 lots of varying distinction. It even contains an early nickel cased Ingersoll watch by the Waterbury Clock Company estimated at £200-£300. The Waterbury Clock Company began to make watches for Robert H. Ingersoll in 1892. Sotheby's catalogue informs us: "Watches of this type are rare as most have been discarded as rubbish".

Geraldine Norman



A rare silver gilt skull watch with pendant for crucifix, and a gold-cased Bras-en-l'air watch, circa 1810.

## Collecting

## Marking time, with great ingenuity

The Champagne tag—"In victory you deserve it, in defeat you need it"—is only one of the many good reasons for drinking the world's supreme sparkling wine. It is often the skins of the black grapes, not by blending red and white wines (97.5% also from Fields). Ruinart, the oldest Champagne house, now still in business, have brought out their Dom Ruinart Blanc de Blancs 1973 as a 250th anniversary wine. Very classic wine, this is a delicately constituted drink, but with the power behind it typical both of the great Chardonnay grape and fine Champagne—a superb oyster accompaniment, but it is also the sort of wine that will make a humble fish pâté or mouse taste unusually good. (In its presentation box, it costs £10.05 from Fields.)

Newcomers to this country include that of Pierre Vaudon, of Avize, but this is not a blanc de blancs like many white wines. The Vaudon has a steely crispness, with a rounded, almost four-square style—very much a multi-purpose sparkling as it is a delicious aperitif but robust enough to partner many foods (£3.35 from Haynes, Hanover & Clark, 36, Kensington Church Street, W8). Also from a village famous for its white wines—Vertus—comes the Grande Champagne Napoleon Brut de Ch & A. Prieur, a family firm established in 1825. Vertus is a picturesque place where, after the Waterloo campaign

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Only four words were lacking in Mr Roy Jenkins's potent television lecture on Thursday—"I accept the nomination". Thus wily to catch a bid for power (and I credit a perceptive colleague with the words) is perhaps only to be premature.

The sometime pretender to be Labour Prime Minister was unmissably presenting himself as candidate to lead Britain's new Centre movement which, having enticed Labour's moderates and in coalition with Mr Steel's resurgent Liberals, will capture the next election.

Fantasy? Well, the alternative viewing to Mr Jenkins was, on BBC 2, *Diamonds in the Sky*, and, on ITV, *Fallen Hero*. When it has all been tried, as it doubtless will be, we have our ready choice of anecdotal portents.

Pause first to wonder or rejoice that in the gathering gloom we are allowed such indulgence, even with a £34 licence fee. Cabinet Ministers rage to the point of hysteria over the reporting by television journalists; BBC management frets lest Mrs Thatcher's presumed vindictiveness devours them. Yet here, for 50 minutes of prime time, free of charge, was a personal political broadcast by someone preparing to come back from the EEC Commission presidency to oust Conservative and Labour alike. Marvelous!

I mean no belittlement of Mr Jenkins's ideas, his analysis, call for

change and adaptation. In this newspaper and others he got generous play for those warming the book of the film. What is fascinating is the luck of his timing and forthcoming room for action.

First, for the viewer. He came on just after the nine o'clock news knocked many people flat with the mortgage increase. Then, set in the week's events, he appeared, some thought reassuringly, after the shock of Blunt's immunity—the revelation of which has had a far more corrosive effect on public confidence than, I suspect, many politicians realize. Also he appeared at a moment when a few more Conservative MPs are getting restive over the Government's lack of imagination in its policy-preaching, and its resort to near despair.

Just six months into what Mrs Thatcher's most ardent supporters intend to be a 10-year government, it is uncustomarily early for talk of a gnu (government of national unity). And, in truth, Mr Jenkins is going for something different, and has had the sense to jump in before you time arrives—usually when a Conservative government is collapsing.

Mr Jenkins dared to speak of the "vocation of a politician being to help secure that desperately needed recovery of the British economy and British national self-

Fred Emery

## Fifty minutes of 'prime minister' time

Is Mr Jenkins making an attempt to lead a Centre party?

confidence". How he will try it I do not know.

But it is clear that when he returns from Brussels next year there is nothing in his standing as a Labour candidate. He will also be 60 by then, so he will not be walking around for the other parties to introduce proportional representation—which he so insistently urged must now be the major mechanism to get the politics the majority supposedly wants.

What he needs is a by-election to win as standard bearer for a new Centre or Democratic party. A year from now would be propitious timing. The winter after this most Ministers agree, will be wrenching, with Britain in the depth of depression and a possible government-union collision. By then the next Labour Party conference might have played its leader-

ship and policies into the hands of the Left. The time would be ripe for a by-election success.

But Mr Jenkins would need Liberal self-denial. There is little doubt that Mr Steel would be favourable. His main precondition for coalition was met, with Mr Jenkins's commitment to proportional representation. But such denial could be painful for the Liberals. They would then be hoping for their own revival. Which Liberal candidate, after years of waiting, would stand aside and urge voters to support Mr Jenkins instead? They have done it before, for Mr Dick Taverne, and he soon disappeared.

The Liberal dilemma could reproduce a schism like that over the Lib-Lab pact, with Mr Steel, arguing against the purists, that the only way to Liberal credibility would be coalition, and not another futile attempt to win outright.

Mr Jenkins's talk of "breakout" could be matched by Mrs Thatcher. Her problem in arguing the case is that her "mandate" rests on the 33 per cent of the electorate who voted Conservative, and that the world economic blight is closing in. She has a desperate time sounding convincing, especially to supporters who long to see her resist Civil Service

advice.

One of the most depressing consequences of the Blunt debate is how little political pressure there was for any change. It took a young Conservative MP, Mr Jonathan Aitken, to

remind his more exclusive colleagues that America's Congressmen, over-riding committees, have not done damage to intelligence services. It is mainly government appointments and the changes they brought that cause disruption.

The Government now proposes to do nothing further in the Blunt affair—just as nothing further was done after the Birmingham report into Brusiloff company violations of Rhodesian sanctions. And precisely what we ought now to be getting in the Commons—in secret committee session only where needed, is scrutiny of our Ministers and the men they appoint. Then let the Committee report.

Take for example the American Senate system of nomination hearings into key appointments. A man like Sir Frank McNamee, picked last week by Mrs Thatcher to head Rolls-Royce, could not hope in Washington to escape scrutiny for the years 1964-76 when he was managing director of the Royal Dutch/Shell group of companies.

Prime Ministers have been through the wringer with all the oil companies often enough for us to be very uneasy when it comes down to talk of patronage. For all public and quasi-public appointments, is it any longer enough for the politicians to say simply "trust us"?

This kind of change, too, Mr Jenkins ought not to forget, if his campaign is to have any chance with those who are presently, as he put it, alienated from government.

## The flecks of green that tripped up a bomber

His suspicions were aroused when McGirl, who gave his name as Patrick Rehill, of Killanick, Co Cavan, said he did not know the number of the car. He noticed that McGirl's hands were shaking so violently that he could not get the key into the bootlock.

He radioed Granard and was joined by two more policemen. McGillicuddy, who had given his correct name and address, said that he had just grabbed a lift from McGirl, whom he had just met, tried to persuade the police that it was not necessary for him to come to the station as well.

He told Garda Lohan, who drove him to the station: "What sort of a man who does not know the number of his own car? Maybe there is no reason for me to come into the station."

The two men were being held at the station on suspicion of being members of an illegal organisation when news came through of the explosion at Mullaghmore at 11.45 am and the death of Lord Mountbatten. Nicholas Knatchbull, aged 14, his grandson, and Paul Maxwell, aged 15, a boy-boat of Enniscrone, Co Sligo, died later of the injuries they received.

Detectives were dispatched from police headquarters in Dublin to Granard. Detective Sergeant Thomas Dunne from the Technical Bureau in Dublin wanted to interview them because McGillicuddy was known to the police as a bombsite and he thought the other man they were holding was Patrick Rehill, whose name was also known in connection with bombings.

When detectives arrived, McGillicuddy gave his real name and said he had pretended to be Rehill because he was driving Rehill's car without insurance. McGillicuddy refused to give any statement, other than a brief account of his movements the day before the bombing.

There was no confirmation or incriminating statement by McGillicuddy and the forensic evidence became crucial. It was compiled in Ireland's forensic science laboratory, which has been set up in 1975 and which had only achieved its full complement of staff this year.

He is married with two children and lives next door to his father, in a house he built.

He told police that on the day before the bombing he had hitch-hiked from his home at Carrickmacross, Co Monaghan, to Wexford where he spent the night with a married woman whom he refused to name.

In reality, it seems that he travelled to Stroketown, Co Roscommon, where he took a yellow Cortina car from outside the house of Mr Bertie Molloy, a car salesman.

Mr Molloy, who has served a term in prison for membership of the IRA, told the court he noticed that the Cortina had been removed from outside his house after he arrived home between midday and 12.30 pm on August 27 and another car had been put in its place. McGillicuddy set off in the yellow Cortina for Mullaghmore, where he arrived in time to lay a five pound bomb in the garden of Lord Mountbatten's boat.

He then drove back to Stroketown where he left the Cortina, and travelled to Granard, Co Longford, where he was stopped by police. He was then in a red Ford Escort.

The driver of the Ford Escort was Francis McGillicuddy, aged 24, a gravedigger of Ballinamore, Co Leitrim, who was accused with McGillicuddy of murdering Lord Mountbatten. He was acquitted.

Garda James Lohan was operating spot checks on cars driving into the small country town of Granard when he stopped the Escort at 9.55 am, less than two hours before the bomb went off.

Ian Bradley

## Pity the homeless Kingfisher

Kingfishers are getting scarcer in my part of West Sussex each year. There are plenty of other birds in the water-meadows near the river and the big and little "feifers", field-larks and redwings, are arriving in hundreds. Snaps are whistling in from all directions and a couple of hen harriers and a "ring-tail" have been seen this November already. Flying low over perpendicular flocks of lapwings.

Young crows are lining up by cleared dykes, seizing water-snails exposed by the low water. They came in the summer for seeds, but "seeds have gone down into the mud now," according to a fisherman, but "kingfishers" to complete the rhyme, no longer "fly up to meet the next prime minister".

To achieve a comparable political coup to William Ewart Gladstone's Midlothian campaign today it would be necessary for Sir Harold Wilson to come out of his semi-retirement, abandon his safe seat of Huyton to fight a Tory held stronghold in the Home Counties and introduce himself to his new prospective constituents in a week-long triumphal progress denouncing the evils of Thatcherism.

The story goes, old Bert used to say, that these brilliant birds were seen best at this time of the year when the meadows began to flood because they came to look for Noah's Ark.

"Noth let the dove our first," he said, "then the kingfisher." The dove went back, but the Martinmas bird is still searching for the Ark."

There are small fish by the sluice outlets to attract the cygnets-backed birds upstream and the banks are just with late grass; unfortunately there are no willows. Modern river maintenance does not touch the banks so the willows have been removed. Channel maintenance is simpler without them but it means that the kingfishers have nowhere to perch to survey the water for fish, nor even to roost in.

If water authorities would provide alternative accommodation now in the form of a few short posts set upright on the banks by the kingfishers' old chosen haunts, it might prevent the Martinmas birds from disappearing altogether from this and other similar waterways.

Alison Ross



\* The kingfisher

## How Gladstone's 'whistle-stop' campaign rocked the Tories



BEARDING THE BUGGIELEIGH

From Punch, December 1879

which at the next election, there was no shortage of offers from safe Liberal seats which wanted the major elder statesman as their representative.

The most intriguing offer came from the Liberal Association in Midlothian, the county constituency around Edinburgh. Gladstone was, in fact, a safe Tory seat effectively in the gift of the leading local laird, the Duke of Buccleuch, whose numerous tenants faced eviction if they did not vote for his candidate.

In the 40 years up to 1879, elections in Midlothian had only been contested twice, and a Liberal had only been returned once. Buccleuch's son, Viscount Dalkeith, was the sitting member.

The restoration of Midlothian to Gladstone was undoubtedly the tremendous publicity that he would attract by launching his national crusade against Beaconsfield in the heartland of the constituency.

The campaign was based around a series of railway journeys, for which special American-style Pullman carriage was hired, with carefully scheduled stops for "im-

promptu" speeches to waiting crowds, and torchlight processions and firework displays in the major towns en route.

In fact, the rapturous reception of Gladstone's reception in Scotland surpassed Rosebery's wildest expectations. From the moment he left his home in north Wales to the time he left Motherwell station two weeks later, he was almost continually mobbed, and fed by huge crowds who waited for hours by the side of the railway even for his candidate.

The details of the Midlothian campaign were planned by the young Earl of Rosebery, the leading Liberal landowner in the constituency. He had been very impressed by a Democratic Party convention which he had attended in New York and wanted to give the show business flavour of American political campaigning to Gladstone's two-week progress through Scotland which was to take in visits to Glasgow and the Highlands as well as the speech-making tour of the constituency.

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promptu" speeches to waiting crowds, and torchlight processions and firework displays in the major towns en route.

Pullin concentrates his attention these days on his herd of dairy cattle just outside Bristol.

Nearer to home, there was of course another famous England victory over New Zealand, by 13-0, at Twickenham in January, 1936, in what, because of the two memorable tries he scored in it, soon came to be referred to by the media as "Obolensky's match".

His captain, Bernard Gandy, a younger brother of Cyril, the distinguished referee and former president of the RFU, does not enthuse about this facile description.

"Obolensky was a most lovely runner," he says, "and it was a superb team effort, but it really was a one-off occasion when everything worked for us."

I can remember, as a schoolboy seated close to the touchline, what an outstanding game the captain had himself. Gandy was a big man for a scrum half, at six feet one inch, and major general Sir Douglas Kendrew, England's hooker and leader of the forwards that day, is in no doubt that he was a great one.

His captain, John Pullin, who has won more caps (42) than any other English player, goes along with the view. "I don't quite know why," he adds.

"But it was lucky for us that New Zealand expected us to

play the game in the three quarters. I reckoned we'd more than match them up front, and we did. So they got it all wrong."

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## SPORTS DIARY

although they achieved a 10-10 draw in 1972, and now have

Scotland, who drew the match of

1963.

But in a short tour in 1973 England achieved, after three losses against provincial opposition, a remarkable victory over New Zealand, by 13-0, at Twickenham in January, 1936, in what, because of the two memorable tries he scored in it, soon came to be referred to by the media as "Obolensky's match".

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"But it was lucky for us that New Zealand expected us to

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# The Times Books of the Year

Regardless of The Times's absence publishing has marched on to produce more than 30,000 new titles. In a normal year we would have surveyed the output in a Books for Christmas supplement running to 32 tabloid pages, but in the short time available between The Times's resumption and the beginning of the Christmas bookbuying season this has not been possible. Instead I have asked some of our reviewers, led by Michael Ratcliffe, to select from the books they read during the year those they enjoyed, those that linger in the memory. And on the back page of this supplement Brian Alderson looks at children's books of the year. In addition to the remaining books pages before Christmas we shall look at the year's output in fiction—British, American, Crime and SF—as well as books on the fine arts, theatre and cinema, literary biography and poetry.

Ion Trewin  
Literary Editor

Brian Alderson

is difficult to write briefly about E. H. Gombrich's *The Story of Art* (Phaidon, £1.25), a big book in every sense of the word, and—like so many of the patterns and designs that are its subject—it contains within its carefully drawn boundaries a wealth of complex, beautifully organised detail, despite its daunting subtitle: 'A study in the psychology of decorative art.' It ranges with sid authority over an immense range of inter-linked topics—spelling examples at one point from Christopher Robin's "going happy-happy"—but at another from the novels of the Lindsay *Spears*. Professor Gombrich's prose—but amiable prose—has almost global story of decorative art without losing hold of its central meaning: and the very actions to it may reflect much deeper preoccupations.

Two other choices, almost as footnotes to the great: M. Leong's model studies of illustrators deeply imbued in a classic sense of design. First is Lynton Lamb's tribute by George Mackie; Turner, Lewis Carroll, D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf follow.

Paul Barker

The book I read fastest was Richard Ingram's *Goldenberg* (Private Eye/André Debenham, £1.25); an everyday story of when Great met Great. Almost worth buying just for its domineering reproduction of Dominic Elford's caricure of the Clermont Club croquet team.

I learnt a lot about a sort-of-hero figure from Peter Stansky and William Abram's *Orwell: The Transformation* (Constable, £6.95), though it doesn't contain so much that is new as their

"in the summit of the belfry/With hollow thud and brazen clang/The freedom bell is leaping, yelling/And sticking out its bloodstained tongue". Moved by the tide of grey people who answered freedom's bloodstained tongue by rising from the northern suburbs of St Petersburg and reaching the Winter Palace in January 1905, Aleksander Blok carried a red flag across one of the bridges before immediately retiring to his more usual occupation of attempting to reconcile opposites: within himself (among a host of fatal contradictions) a diabolical streak of cruelty with warm family affection; in Russia the new enlightenment with the old faith.

April Pyman's *Life of Aleksander Blok, Volume One 1880-1908* (Oxford, £12.50) was published in January and aims, 'to make Blok's poetry accessible to an English-speaking public and, while acknowledging that all translations from Russian lose resonance and rhythm, she does seem to capture more successfully than her predecessors the intellectual vigour and stunning imagery of his work. She lived in the Soviet Union for 13 years and if this precludes much critical detachment, it means that she writes like a native of country-house life and is ideal for the converting task in hand. She has created a new Russian Parallel, translating the news, waiting for Dionysos. She has based Hamlet, and banned it for a while. The *Murder of Gonzaga*, of course, would never have got past the first cultural committee. More of Stalin in a moment.

The image of a brilliant and handsome middle-class poet dashing across the bridge of an impulse and as rapidly dash back proved not merely lasting but propitious. The beauty, suffering and tragic irrelevance of his city, recurred hauntingly, too, throughout the year. Andrei Bely's marvellous 1922 novel *Petersburg* has been translated into English at last (Harvester Press, £7.50) and D. M. Thomas wrote a rather good short novel about poets and painters living and dying in the city through war and peace, *After the War* (Collins, £3.95); much of my reading for what would have been 'weeklies' articles seems to have been following artists' lives in circular fashion from Blok and Bely through Brecht, Delacroix, Turner, Lewis Carroll, D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf.

What he got, of course, was an exuberant rattle of drums, tin whistle and a trombone,

demanded for decadent formalism, he was ordered to go to New York and stand before Norman Mailer and Arthur Miller as the musical ambassador of a country that had disowned his work. No musician since Liszt has lived in the glare for so long; none ever detested it so much. Even in London and Aldeburgh, surrounded by professionals and public affection, he shrank and blinked like an owl in the lights off. First the people, then the buildings.

From 1936, when he was savaged in *Praeda* two weeks running, he lived in lifelong fear of sudden death, but Stalin's revenge was sweetened as he never composed from the piano, believing it too slow—before the war: 'It's not about Leningrad; under the siege, it's about the Leningrad Stalin destroyed.' Hitler and Stalin followed by an even more stupendous third, to celebrate the Leader's great victory: out-Beethovened Beethoven, in fact, Napoleon and Schiller in the *Fifth Symphony* (Gollancz, £4.25); much of my reading for what would have been 'weeklies' articles seems to have been following artists' lives in circular fashion from Blok and Bely through Brecht, Delacroix, Turner, Lewis Carroll, D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf.

Even so, he got, of course, was an exuberant rattle of drums, tin whistle and a trombone, he was officially con-

## Waiting for Dionysos

Michael Ratcliffe, our chief book reviewer, writes about some outstanding artists' lives and letters published during 1979



Shostakovich, in a fire-fighter's helmet, was a symbol of Russian resistance to Hitler's armies.

them because, as he remarks, music speaks for itself.

*Testimony* bites off its words with the grim relish of a man who has not only learned to chew razor blades but actually quite to enjoy it. It is scary and witty, and even those who read it without a note of music in their heads will enjoy the portraits of villains, trimmers and heroes within: Prokofiev, Mayakovskiy and Eisenstein among them, plus others; Meyerhold and Mikhail Zoshchenko with much warmth; Hindemith and Berg with admiration; Stravinsky with great admiration and Glazunov, as a man generous, energetic, affectionate and brave, gloriously the best of all. Apparently told to Solomon Volkov, a young Soviet musicologist who got the manuscript to the West, in 1959, the author's wife, the pianist, died—*Testimony* was curiously repertory and quaintly translated but, as the memoirs of the man who wrote this music and lived this life, it is uncomfortably plausible, not to say convincing. It is my book of the year.

*Testimony* represents the artist in extremis at the end of a long and painful public career. The Bertolt Brecht Diaries 1920-1922 (Eyre Methuen, £6.50) present him preparing himself to conquer the world: 'Never again', writes John Willett, who has translated, annotated and introduced Bertolt Brecht's original edition. 'He was so interested in himself', and the importance of his riverine boat lies in Brecht's revelation of many responses still masked beyond the disciplines of a dramatic art. They range from a trivial pleasure in thunderstorms, fairgrounds, swimming and schnaps through an unthinking contempt for Jewishness, 'negro' and the dim, deserving masses of Germany, to a more deeply felt puzzlement and sorrowful anger at the tyranny of men over women—a sorrow which owes more to Ibsen, whom he affected to despise, than to Strindberg, whom he did not.

With hindsight, 1949 looks like a turning point. In that year he wrote his Fourth String Quartet, then poured forth more in magnificent profusion over the rest of his life, creating a seious, witty, earthy and colorful world of heart and mind light-years from the reach of The Great Gardner's paw. They are among the chief glories of our time. He tells us little about the buildings.

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like a turning point. In that year he wrote his Fourth String Quartet, then poured forth more in magnificent profusion over the rest of his life, creating a serious, witty, earthy and colorful world of heart and mind light-years from the reach of The Great Gardner's paw. They are among the chief glories of our time. He tells us little about the buildings.

Elizabeth Longford and Ronald Blythe, Lady Longford's definitive portrait of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, *A Pilgrimage of Passion* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.95) is outstanding for its qualities of sensitivity, attention to detail, and calm awareness of her turbulent subject's human frailty. Given access for the first time to a treasure trove of private papers, some of which throw uncomfortably revealing light on Blunt's complex character, private conduct, and multifarious activities, it succeeds in revealing a defensor of national cause, whether Indian, Egyptian or Irish, who has arranged the material with skill and without letting it get out of hand.

Nor was I in any way disappointed by Ronald Blythe's reflections on old age, one of the least considered problems created in Britain by modern advances in medicine and social security. His book *The View in Winter* (Allen Lane, £6.95), is a welcome successor to *Benfield*. It follows the same techniques of allowing the subjects to speak up for themselves. The workings of our 'mortal clock' are still strangely mysterious. Far more predictable and somehow deeply understanding is the gap of understanding that continuously yawns between the aged and their frequently indifferent younger successors. As Mr Blythe notes in his long, finely written introduction, 'the ordinance of living to be old is too novel a thing to appreciate. The old have been made to feel that they have been sentenced to life...'

William Golding's *Darkness Visible* (Faber, £4.95) is one of the most moving books I've ever read; the writing is unique and marvellous; on some pages every line is poetry, and unexpected humour takes one through the theme of goodness against unfeling brutalism. If you know Ezekiel, Matthew, Revelation, its preoccupations are similar to Doris Lessing's in *Shikasta* (Faber, £5.95) but she compiles an outspoken travologue by vivid celestial envoys who intervene through millennia of paradise, destroyed and recovered, on earth.

Anne Robinson's novel *Music and Silence* (Secker, £4.95) has rare skill in communicating beauty. Her stylish wit also brings freshness to a tale of love and a woman cellist in London, who, among other things, questions whether art is a blood sport. One of the most graceful new British writers is Neil Jordan—*I keep returning to the unromantic wisdom and fun of his stories*, *Night in Tunisia* (Writers & Readers Cooperative, £3.95). And for sheer pleasure and intelligent inquisitiveness there's Another Land, another sea by Stephen Fern (Gollancz, £7.95). This is an account of his walk around Lake Rudolph, now Lake Turkana, in East Africa, a wonderfully written adventure with hippos, hyenas and a country where there's only one word for be and she.

Last is Ronald Fraser's Blood of Spain (Allen Lane, £15), which is subtitled 'An Oral History of the Spanish Civil War'. This relies much more heavily on participants, memories and interviews, a compellingly bitter. But Mr Fraser rightly regards these verbal reminiscences as an adjunct to, rather than a substitute for, the written evidence of which he has a thorough command.

Lastly, a fine novel, Anne Redmon's *Music and Silence* (Secker & Warburg, £4.95), which by contrast was not given its critical due. This story of a religious maniac's murderous obsession about a young woman cellist is in its intermingling of spiritual and musical themes, dauntingly intricate and hauntingly beautiful.

in Europe between Dada and Dr Goebels, places the achievements of German-oriented civilization far higher than its failures, and makes a persuasive case for the reintegration of politics and art to the great enrichment of both, today.

formed Louie) and when it comes to the very *dishabille* of understanding, he faces impossible competition this season from Lewis Carroll and Virginia Woolf.

The Rev C. L. Dodgson is thought to have written well over a hundred thousand letters. Morton N. Cohen has discovered more than four thousand and selected 1304 for The Letters of Lewis Carroll (Macmillan, two volumes, £17.50 each) pursued by American scholarship and sustained by American funds. It is one of the heroic editing achievements of the decade, offering much endless rare insight into the eccentric humours and moral energy of the Victorian world.

If you do not fall over screaming and kicking with laughter, at Dodgson's explanation of the packing that led to his leaving boots and pen in Sevoneaks instead of taking them to Hastings ("The first thing Ethel did was to put the bed in the portmanteau . . .") then you deserve to be struck with a missile from Dame Edna Everage.

She would already have been a healthy fifteen at the time.

She was not, I hasten to add, the Ethel who put the bed and later Mr Dodgson, and later the portmanteau, the Sophie's choice and friend Virginia Woolf whose courage and resilience inspire some of the funniest and most exasperated letters in *The Sickle Side of the Moon* (Hogarth Press £12.50):

You could be as rude as you liked with Ethel, either about her or about her smart friends:

I prefer Ethel with all her faults. Yes, really! I think you are worth 4 of *Cunard*, 6 of *Colefax*, and 10 of *Lady Diana*. No, I forget you have a rapture for her blue eyes and pink bonnets—to a little frosty and like the Union Jack on a weddng cake. There used to be one in the hall at Bussard's.

Bussard's was a tea-shop, Lynton and Roger die, Vita wanes (blessedly) but Ethel is still in the ring. Mrs Woolf remains consummate company—one must pick one's words with care ("I loathe being called enchanting")—and I still find her letters from 1932 to 1935, though often of lesser consequence, far more difficult to put down than those of Lawrence, Dodgson or indeed anyone's I can think of except Byron.

A. S. Byatt

It seems, I don't know why, faintly improper to choose a slim volume of verse by the same poet as my Book of the Year two years running. However, truth is more important, and the book I've most enjoyed has certainly been D. J. Enright's *A Faust Book* (Oxford, £2.25), which has the same qualities of wit, toughness, civilization and complete absence of flabby modern sensibilities as his *Paradise* (Illustrated). It makes me feel literature will live and powerful: and I take it to bed with me and laugh over it.

I've read a lot of novels—the Booker shortlist and 37 first novels for the David Higham award. Of these, I would commend the Higham winner, *The Plate Shop* by John Harvey (Collins, £4.95), a Cambridge don who has written a novel really about work, industrial work, in a prose which is accomplished, varied, poetic and incisive.

And Marilyn Butler's *Peacock Displayed* (Routledge, £10.95) is a formidable and elegant example of the real use of historical scholarship. Ms. Butler writes exactly and gracefully about Peacock's satire of nineteenth century ideas—political, aesthetic, scientific, philosophical, religious, cultural. She illuminates Peacock's age, and sent me at least back to read all his novels again, with increased and informed pleasure.

Piers Brendon

In *The Boer War* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10), Thomas Pakeman makes excellent use of the recollections of 53 survivors whom he interviewed. However, their stories are but a single skein in a tapestry woven from many other yarns. The whole is vividly detailed and splendidly rich.

Si is Ronald Fraser's *Blood of Spain* (Allen Lane, £15), which is subtitled 'An Oral History of the Spanish Civil War'. This relies much more heavily on participants, memories and interviews, a compellingly bitter. But Mr Fraser rightly regards these verbal reminiscences as an adjunct to, rather than a substitute for, the written evidence of which he has a thorough command.

Similarly, David Ascot brings to his study of the origins and development of the Metropolitan Police, *The Queen's Peace* (Hamish Hamilton, £9.95), keen and independent thinking, an elegant pace, and a spicing of humour. Having had unique access to the archives, red to serving officers of all ranks and departments, something of a historian's must be expected. Instead, there is a nice blend of praise and castigation, of meticulous chronicling and intelligent deduction. Sombre events and Gilbertian situations

Continued overleaf

JONATHAN CAPE

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Georgina Battiscombe

First comes Mary Soames's biography of her mother, Clementine Churchill (Cassell, £7.95). A good subject such as Lady Spencer-Churchill is half-way to a good book, which perhaps explains the continuing attraction Edward VII holds for biographers. Although Giles St Aubyn has used new material from the Knollys papers Edward VII, Prince and King (Collins, £10) tells us little or nothing we did not know already but it is none the less interesting and entertaining. Bertrand and the Lost Boys by Andrew Birkin (Constable, £6.95) is a successful television script turned into an equally successful book. Here again the author has re-worked an old but fascinating subject, garnishing it with new material.

In *The Cannon's Mouth*, by P. J. Campbell (Hamish Hamilton, £5.95) vividly recalls the experience of a young boy from a sheltered intellectual background when faced with the horrors of the Ypres Salient and Passchendaele. What those horrors were is made appallingly clear in *Passchendaele* (Michael Joseph, £6.95). Lyn Macdonald has collected reminiscences from survivors of

the battle and written them down verbatim, with terrible effect.

Even if you can't get to the vast exhibition at the Hayward, the catalogue (Thirties Arts Council, £5) at exhibition is worth buying. At last it seems, the movement I have been expecting for 15 years—Save the Odysseus—is on its way.

If you prefer the seventies, Posy Simmonds serves them up on wholewheat toast in *Mrs Weber's Diary* (Cape, £3.95). But don't invest in these delightful caricatures if you, too, may be embarrassed at having recently bought your

Elizabeth Longford and Ronald Blythe, Lady Longford's definitive portrait of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, *A Pilgrimage of Passion* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.95) is outstanding for its qualities of sensitivity, attention to detail, and calm awareness of her turbulent subject's human frailty. Given access for the first time to a treasure trove of private papers, some of which throw uncomfortably revealing light on Blunt's complex character, private conduct, and multifarious activities, it succeeds in revealing a defensor of national cause, whether Indian, Egyptian or Irish, who has arranged the material with skill and without letting it get out of hand.

Nor was I in any way disappointed by Ronald Blythe's reflections on old age, one of the least considered problems created in Britain by modern advances in medicine and social security. His book *The View in Winter* (Allen Lane, £6.95), is a welcome successor to *Benfield*. It follows the same techniques of allowing the subjects to speak up for themselves. The workings of our 'mortal clock' are still strangely mysterious. Far more predictable and somehow deeply understanding is the gap of understanding that continuously yawns between the aged and their

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For eight years the story  
of his life was the  
history of our times

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*Sunday Telegraph*

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# The Times Books of the Year

receive the same impassive rapporte. Sir John Nott-Bower had a good brain, with all the social graces, and was an expert horseman (as the Mounted Branch discovered to their advantage) and a devoted bridge player (as his staff discovered to their cost). Above all, he was excessively idle."

### Kay Dick

Foremost, because of personal interest, the magnificently abridged and edited new edition of Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, edited by John Clubbe (Murray, £17.50), because, though flawed by Froude's psychological prejudices and the harshest gossip of a century ago, it was an extraordinary biographical departure, being one of the first to show a great man with "all his warts".

Staying in the same century—1832-1844—is *Sarcasm*, Fox's *Journal*, edited by R. L. Brett (Bell & Hyman, £8.95), a wholly delightful and informative insight into the lives and interests of that marvellous Cornish Quaker family, Sister Caroline is already famed for her exquisite journal. The fullness of these cultured, scientific and socially concerned lives is recorded with spontaneity and wit.

Fay Weldon's *Praxis* (Hodder & Stoughton, £4.95) is a book no woman, or man, should miss. Elegant and powerful, this is a beautiful corrective to much that is stupid and strident in women's lit. Among paperbacks the re-issue of Antonio White's classic *Ecology*—*Lost Treasures* (£2.25)—The Sugar House (£1.95), Beyond the Glass (£2.25)—all from Virago, are musts. No one should be without our moving and dramatic fiction, splendidly introduced by Carmen Callil.

Finally, Margaret Drabble's *A Writer's Britain: Landscape in Literature* (Thames & Hudson, £10.50), sumptuously illustrated with photographs by Jorge Lewinski, in which she explores and illuminates the impact of place on creativity with vivid perception and elegant literary criticism.

Patricia Dickinson

There has been this year a publication of permanent value to literature. *The Collected Works of Isaac Rosenberg* is edited by Ian Parsons (Chatto & Windus, £12.50). Isaac Rosenberg, a young poet and painter of genius, was killed on All Fools' Day, 1918. Now, at last, there is a book worthy of all he achieved and all he might have become. "I believe in myself as a poet as a painter": I think I get more depth in my poems", he wrote. But he could have been a fine painter. Edwin Muir long ago said of his dramatic fragments, "it is the utterance of a great poet, how great we cannot perhaps realise yet". But yes, now we can. We have been semi-aware for years, but this new complete edition of Rosenberg's work and the reproductions in excellent colour and black and white of some of his paintings give a full portrait of this marvellous young man.

The Good Word (Sidgwick & Jackson, £8.95) gossips away about twentieth century writers, mostly of prose, on both sides of Atlantic. If you care to be awake thinking for hours on how Henry James would have illustrated his own works, you'll meet a writer you'll go on reading the next morning.

Elaine Feinstein

The book which has given me the most pleasure this year is *Mary Seacole's Clemmie Churchill* (Cassell, £7.95). The then Mrs Churchill once said in jest to G. M. Young, the historian: "I sometimes think Mary is my only child. The others are *changelings*"; and the links between mother and daughter were evidently close indeed. The tender objectivity with which Lady Seacole paints in detail the absorbing human relationship between Winston and his "Clemmie", in a story poised against the sombre backdrop of contemporary history, is a tour de force so complete that it is often startling to remember that this is a daughter who is writing it.

Professional curiosity led me to *Monks and Wine* by Desmond Seward (Mitchell Beazley, £8.95). The now-

(Hamish Hamilton, £7.95) is a sorrowful book, recording, as it does, the murder of friends, years of disgrace inside Russia, and uncomprehending abuse from Western liberals. Yet his voice is neither crabby nor defensive, and often recalls the humour of Iff and Petrov.

Outstanding among the volumes of poetry in translation published this year is *Milos Radonic*, translated by Clive Wilmer and George Comari (Carcanet, £2.95). The poems come from a notebook found in the dead poet's raincoat, in which he was buried at the time of his execution by firing squad in 1944. Spare, sharp, tight poems, they bring the ferocity of life towards the end of Hitler's war into harsh focus.

Of the English novels I have read this year *Emma Tennant's Wild Nights* (Cape, £4.95); and *Angela Carter's powerful retelling of old fairy tales in The Bloody Chamber* (Gollancz, £8.95) have remained with me most vividly; along with one of the excellent re-issues of that marvellous Cornish Quaker family, Sister Caroline is already famed for her exquisite journal. The fullness of these cultured, scientific and socially concerned lives is recorded with spontaneity and wit.

Stayin

Robert Fisk

In a year that has marked the end of the first decade of Northern Ireland's latest war, that has witnessed Lord Mountbatten's murder and the apparent failure of yet another British initiative in Belfast, no novel could have been so timely—or so magnificent in its scope and comprehension—as *Thomas Flanagan's The Year of the French* (Macmillan, £6.95). Anyone, Englishman or Irishman, who wants to understand the cancer in Anglo-Irish relations could dispense with every newspaper report he has ever read and buy just this one fine book about the 1798 rebellion, one of the most tragic events to have taken place in Ireland.

Trapped by history, the English gentlemen, the Catholic upper class, the poet and landowners, the English uniformed, the lobster-red uniforms and the peasant swine through these pages. But the novel is not just about people; it is about language and the Gulf that separates political belief from political action.

A shorter but equally catastrophic moment in British imperial history is recorded in Nicholas Bethell's carefully researched and beautifully written documentary on the last years of the Palestine-mandate. Though there are too many Israeli sources and though there is not enough evidence of research in Arab archives, the *Palestinian Triangle* (André Deutsch, £7.95) is the fairest and undoubtedly the most readable book on the genesis of the Arab-Israeli conflict for many years.

Pets Fordham

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Richard Holmes

1919. Escape and Evasion 1939-1945 by M. R. D. Foot and J. M. Langley (Bodley Head, £6.95), gives much more than a picture of life in a well-made Cornish Quaker family in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, for Barclays Fox was constantly on the move, by horse, coach, pony chaise, steamer, and eventually by train. He went to London for Yester Meetings to Wales to inspect the family mining interests, to Bristol to see cousins, to East Anglia and Darlington to look for a wife, to Italy, and, being of a curious and scientific turn of mind, his father was an inventor and Foot was followed by the infant British Association wherever it was meeting. Interesting passengers—Sephardic portuguese convicts still called in almost secret at Falmouth, where his family were (still are) shipping agents. He became a friend of the Carries and Mills, discussed problems of poetry and faith with Wordsworth, and got a passport, at the age of 16, from Palmerston in person on payment of £27. 7s. 6d.

Barclay Fox is a born diarist, unaffected, knowing when to contract and when to expand, in many ways more accomplished than his now established sister Caroline. He must have been a very nice chap. The only thing to be regretted about these happily resurrected and skilfully edited volumes is that they stop at the point of his marriage in 1844, when he was still only 27 years old.

John Higgins

The high-flier of

## The Times Books of the Year

called formal, gardens before the onslaught of the natural landscape or *gardenesque*. A fascinating footnote, so to speak, comes from Thomas Beck's *Embroidered Gardens* (Angus & Robertson, £7.50); it attends to actual gardens as well as to those in tapestries (there's a final section on embroidering your own) and she shows how the language of embroidery and of garden layouts often coincided.

Otherwise it has been for me (by necessity) a Ruskin year, in which Virginia Surtees' edition of Ruskin's letters to Pauline Trevelyan, *Reflections of a Friendship* (Allen & Unwin, £10), was a highspot. They show his many-sidedness as well as his erratic moods, all illuminated in contact with the Trevelyans who "always esteemed you above any one". The best critical book on Ruskin, for a good while was John Urquhart's *Ruskin's Architecture with Ruskin* (Thames & Hudson, £7.50); Ruskin, who always a keen seer, but Urquhart attends very persuasively to Ruskin's analysis of how the viewer sees architecture, where he stands in relation to it. Lastly, a Ruskin-related item that the "master" might have welcomed: Thomas A. Clark's *Thomas Ruskin Sketchbook* (Coracle Press, £2.25); meditates simply upon some of the essential themes—ornament, tone, leaves, and the painting of water.

**Joel Hurstfield**

Occasionally for the historian,



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& Eugenie  
Jasper Ridley  
26 Nov £12.50

Orwell: the  
transformation  
Peter Stansky  
& William Abrahams  
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J. M. Barrie &  
the lost boys  
Andrew Birkin  
£6.95

Fanny Trollope  
Johanna Johnston  
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Milner  
Terence H. O'Brien  
£10.00

The British  
aristocracy  
Mark Bencr-Jones  
& Hugh Montgomery  
Massingberd  
£6.95

And again?  
Sean O'Faolain  
£6.95



Bend in the  
iver

S. Naipaul  
Certainly the best African  
ovel I've read for years  
I... by extension  
on the whole human  
ation.  
hony Burgess, Quarto  
£10.25

a novelist through his creative imagination enlarges the vision and deepens the understanding of some great crisis in human affairs. William Styron's *Sophie's Choice* (Cape, £5.95) achieves this through the reflections of an American, writing 30 years after his encounter with a young Polish woman who had reached New York after release from a Nazi death camp community. In the process of exploring the tragic destiny of one woman he provides a rare insight into the tragic destiny of mankind, in its fragile grasp upon a civilised scale of values. In so doing he adds a further dimension to the works of Arendt, Steiner, and others. There are some gratuitously frank passages of sexual repression but this is a long, compassionate (sometimes fulsome) brilliantly written novel.

There is also the craft of words. For that I return to my early delight in dictionaries. Collins' new *Dictionary of the English Language* (£7.95) fills 1,690 pages with the language of tradition as well as yesterday's intruder, with biographical entries and with much else. It ranges from Aachen, Charlemagne's capital, to Zytian, a Pino-Urgic language. This is not the greatest dictionary I have ever used but it is the most adventurous.

**Tom Hutchinson**

I lost Kurt Vonnegut when he became the campus-fêted guru quite obviously believing his own publicity as his later books segged into self-indulgence. But with Jambor (Cape, £5.50) he is himself again, modestly aware of all frailties via his story of Walter F. Starbuck, Watergate survivor at the cynical, lunatic end of chance. Somebody up there really doesn't give a damn.

Charles Chaplin may well have thought that, after the experience of *My Early Years* (The Bodley Head, £4.95), this is the youthful segment of his *My Autobiography*, separated from the rest: quite rightly, too: it was far by the best. His account of healing himself up by his bootstraps from a childhood profoundly oppressed by poverty and his mother's mental collapse is made bearable for us by the thought of the success he was to become, and by an observation of character which is of a Dickensian richness.

The intimitable who comes through *The Crossman Diaries* (Methuen Paperbacks, £2.95) in the condensed version—the only one I could face—is, of course, Harold Wilson, throwing kippers bones to the cat and ideals to the wolves of compromised soft-liners. Macmillan's fear of conspiracy. One feels for him in Richard Crossman's book as exaggeration which runs close to fiction.

**Eric James**

I shall not forget two biographies of this year. First Michael Barlow and Gillian Hodson's *Terence Rattigan: The Man and His Work* (Quartet Books, £11.95). Rattigan's box-office appeal and the upper middle-class with whom he is almost exclusively concerned made him an easy target for the critics. Yet no biography could reveal more clearly the profound insularity and self-rejection which lay behind the women of surviving confidence of Rattigan, himself and the characters that people his plays. He held the mirror up to many in his audiences, and his biography does not leave the reader undisturbed.

Secondly, Mary Soames' *Clementine Churchill* (Cassell, £7.95). It is triumph for a daughter to write such a biography of such a mother. The writing is worthy of its subject, and clearly the writer has something of her father's gift. Her strict, uncompromising yet well-known, is enthralling. It is curious that since the war so many books have been written about Winston Churchill, but until now no one has told us the truth about Clementine Churchill, and no one has said how different, how lost he would have been without her. This biography will therefore have a unique place in history, for it describes the marriage of two minds that was Churchill's secret strength.

Leslie Paul's *The Bulgarian Horse* (Cassel, £5.95) is the novel that has meant most to me. It is a rare quality of transcendence. From our first acquaintance and Captain Arundel's—with the Saxon-faced fair-headed schoolboy

Till von Brennenberg living in a small Palestinian town in 1945, we are immersed in the tragedy of the Middle East, of Jew and Arab, and of refugees from Hitler. Yet if this is a vast ruck of religious publications, this is one which shares with Joyce Grenfell something of her wit and wisdom.

**Sheridan Morley**

**Paul Johnson**

A Churchill-watcher, I turned inevitably to the biography of For me by far the most important book published in 1978 has been Sir Ernst Gombrich's *The Sense of Order*: a study in the psychology of decorative art (Phaidon, £15). Gombrich's earlier work on figurative painting, *Art and Illusion*, published nearly 20 years ago, is one of those rare books which bring to the study of art the objectivity of scientific method, as well as a well-trained eye. This new book continues the same technique, and the same enthusiasm and knowledge, to decorative art. Gombrich's great merit is that he persuades one to look again, and look more intelligently, at masses of objects one has taken, for granted.

Roger Scruton's *The Aesthetics of Architecture* (Methuen, paperback £6.95) is rather more than tough. It is difficult, difficult because it is now establishing itself as the home of a group of young architectural historians (David Watkin, Mark Girouard, Gavin Stamp, etc) who are not only transforming the study of buildings but are already exerting a perceptible and wholly benign influence on contemporary practice. So far, however, they have been working without the aid of a systematic analysis of architectural theory. This is a philosopher's job, and Roger Scruton has now tackled it with ice-cold precision and terrific confidence. It leaves the "modern movement" already shaky, a heap of ruins.

Finally, Sir Harold Acton's *The Pazzi Conspiracy: the Plot against the Medici* (Thames & Hudson, £8.50). A classic piece of Renaissance skulduggery, retold and reinterpreted by an old master.

**Ronald Lewin**

A Churchill-watcher, I turned inevitably to the biography of his wife by his daughter, Clementine Churchill, £7.95. I was astonished and delighted. Nothing here in plain memorandum. By patient investigation, a tenacious memory, and who knows what heart-searching Lady Soames has lifted Clemmie clear away from Winston's Upstairs shade and presented her as the total personality which has never fully emerged from previous memoirs: an indomitable, radical, clear-minded and sometimes maddeningly feminine woman, to love whom was obviously a liberal education.

Courage irradiates the history of war and escaping. M19, by M. R. D. Foot and J. M. Peirse (Bodley Head, £6.95). Like so much of "the best war", this has been falsified by publicists and the media. It was satisfying to read the indisputable truth about genuinely British triumph, written by unchallengeable experts, each an escaper himself whilst Langley directed the whole system.

Put in the scales would the courage-content of this immensely readable book outweigh that of *The Chindit Story* by Shefford Bidwell (Hodder and Stoughton, £6.95)? Certainly disputation has been the legacy of General Orde Wingate, that flawed Lucifer whose image idolators and detractors have greatly deformed. Brigadier Bidwell has set his soul examined the evidence more fully and more passionately than any of his predecessors, and pleased at least one student of those gallant enterprises by caring more for the truth than for received ideas.

**Joseph McCulloch**

The book I had been eagerly anticipating this year fully justified my expectations—Joyce Grenfell's second volume of autobiography (*In Pleasant Places*, Macmillan, £6.95). In this instalment we get the ups and downs of her stage life, written with the indomitable vivacity that captured the many thousands who have seen her on the stage and television, and which impressively appears in her writing. A book to have by your bed to rescue you in the small hours from insomnia doldrums. A book which proves no less

Two biographies, first: Richard Buckley's lengthy, meticulously researched *Diaghilev* (Weidenfeld, £12.50), tells us, as the

Victorian critic put it, "all, and more than all, that is known" about the man, not only revealing him complete, but showing clearly and finally just how much twentieth century art and culture, in all fields, owed him.

His personality perhaps remains enigmatic—he gave little away—but Mr Buckle at least makes plain for the first time his relationship with his daughters (especially Nijinsky and Massine, but also Karsavina and others) and the painters and composers he championed and employed.

Henri Troyat's *Catherine the Great* (Aldermann, £9.50) is in a different, more anecdotal vein—a marvellous read, with the panoply of Catherine's court awash with whispers of political and erotic intrigues behind—particularly Catherine's affair with the irresistible one-eyed, hairy, unleashed monster Potemkin, most memorable of all her lovers, ended with his permanent addiction to political manoeuvres.

As for fiction, thriller of the year for me was Raymond Hawkey's *Side-Effect* (Cape, £4.95)—a thrill a page, fast-moving as any Ian Fleming and with a great deal more suspense, too, than realising quite how formidable a personality he had against him in the other corner. Ann Chisholm's *Nancy Cunard* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £8.50) and James Atlas's *Delirious* (Faber, £8.25) are both—particularly *Catherine's*—affair with the irresistible one-eyed, hairy, unleashed monster Potemkin, most memorable of all her lovers, ended with his permanent addiction to political manoeuvres.

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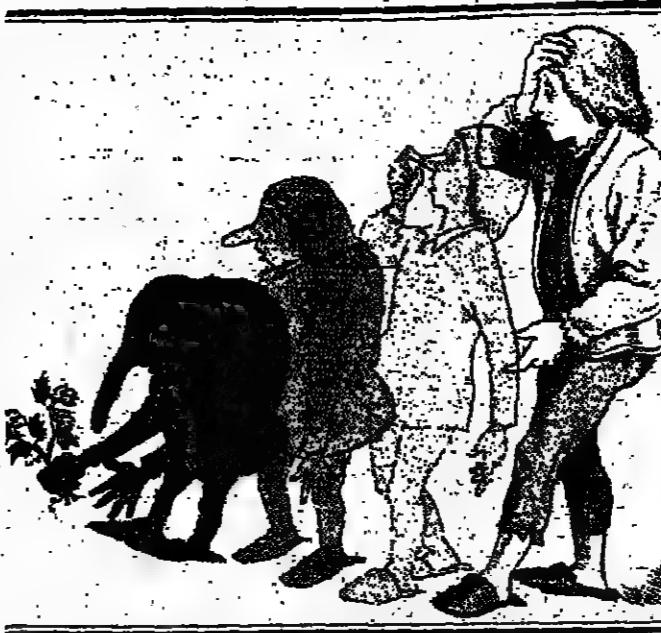
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## The Times Books of the Year

### Children's books of the year

by Brian Alderson



At this point on the threshold of books for older children, the reviewer begins to stumble to a halt—not merely from the physical presence of all that belongs in that category, but also from depression over so many laborious or listless compositions. It's not just that "children's fiction" is dominated by tendentious works devised for solemn adolescents (not possibly, for the sole glorification of the author), but there is so little of the bravura performance that characterizes the best of our picture books.

The story I enjoyed most is Scott O'Dell's *The Daughters of Don Salvatore* (Oxford, £3.25), a tragic-comedy set in California at the time of the affray with Mexico. It is a fine, professional piece of storytelling, with an exact sense of the pace and detail required by events that are being recounted, and the place, confidence of the writing, helping to show how the art tentative so much other new work is. Two of the better new novels—an Arthurian romance by Sandra Unerman, *Trial of Three* (Dobson, £3.50), and a post-holocaust adventure set in Canada by Monica Hughes, *Beyond the Dark River* (Hamish Hamilton, £4.50)—have some fine dramatic moments in them, but are flawed by too much effort, forcing the stories at a pace, or in a direction, which they do not want to take.

In truth the real successes of the season have been in reprints—the bringing back into respectable editions of Rosemary Sutcliff's *Civil War* story, *Simon* (Oxford, £3.75), and Ian Serraillier's *Suchanek* (Cape, £3.50), and the edition of two anthologies of verse. Predictable, but full of infectious gusto, is Quentin Blake's selection from Ogden Nash, *Custard and Company*, Illustrated, naturally, by Quentin Blake (Kestrel, £2.95), while altogether more unusual and vibrant is *I Like This Poem*, poems chosen and commented on by children aged between six and sixteen, and decorated by Antony Metcalfe (Puffin, £2.50).

This richly enjoyable anthology is Kaye Webb's *Final and most fitting gesture as chief editor at Puffin and is symbolic of her genius for inspiring in children a completely spontaneous response to writing of vigour and imaginative strength. Bored? Nothing to do? Never with Kaye.*

**Dwarf back to shoemaker's son.** Wilhelm Hauff's *Dwarf Long-nose* is an edition illustrated by Maurice Sendak, now first published in Britain (Bodley Head, £3.25).

**Dwarf**—can be worked up by both author and illustrator into an unpretentious, playful, treacly fairy-tale.

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## PORT

Igby Union

# Cocks of the North to rouse England

Peter West  
By Correspondent

It's a redoubled victory at last week and with a wholly laudable and positive approach, men of the North revealed Graham Mourie's tomb All can be comprehensively shot down.

Twickenham this afternoon, he last match of the tour and are under obvious pressure to follow that inspiring example, and although for many it's an optimism to forecast their results, it surely can be that they will never have a chance.

Stuttering midweek victory after can have done little to re-inforce the morale of the team, although it will themselves up for one last glorious effort in defence of an national record that goes unbroken in these Islands for years.

The North, keeping the focus on a close rein and range, have shown the way, encouraging that England

will go on to the pitch with a firm idea of how they intend in play and without worrying too much about the approach of their opponents.

They mean to take the game to New Zealand. Only time will tell whether they will be successful and whether England can eliminate the errors that have cost them so dearly in the past. With Frank Cotton restored as tighthead prop, the All Blacks pack houses a considerably stronger front five than those fielded by the North, who had their opponents in the smogging disarray at the end of Otagy.

There should be an adequate lineout potential in Beaufort, the captain, Colclough, Scovell and Rafter, ergo the most effective ball carrier of all hands forwards. There ought to be a good athletic and flexible reaction at the All Blacks two-man lineouts which helped so大大地 destroy Scotland's all their truly tricks, never again let out of England's captain's at the front.

England's loose trio is not so big or so experienced as that of the North, but the presence of any conviction that he was re-

Rafter, instead of Utley, certainly will not reduce his capacity in the tackle or its speed to the point of breakdown. As scrummen, Steve Smith has the strength and pace in the New Zealand front five, as well as to exploit the gaps, and the know-how to protect the stand-off Lee Cusworth, in his first international.

It must be hoped that England's loose three will be in the mould of modern times will kick with accuracy and give free rein in his resourceful game when the moment is ripe. Another of the new caps, Nick Preston, should not let down England's defence in the scrum, while the kicking should keep Rove to the alert.

New Zealand have made a significant reshuffle behind the scrum. They have moved Mike Taylor from the wing to sixeights (inside centre) for the sixights (inside centre). It is doubtful if this implies that New Zealand are bent on playing a much tighter game, because they lack the resources at loose forward to attack with confidence across down the bar.

On the left wing England may take comfort again in the form of Mike Smith whose cover defence and positioning were a saving grace for the North; on the right is the shod new cap, John Carleton, whose skills and character should be equal to the occasion. Between all, England will be able to contain the All Blacks' two-man lineouts, which have not returned from his tour of the Far East last summer with Reid Cross.

Sports diary, page 14

## Today's teams at Twickenham

	England	New Zealand
W. H. Hare (Leicester)	15 Full back	R. G. Wilson (Glamorgan)
J. Carleton (Orrell)	14 Right wing	K. H. Ford (Marlborough)
A. M. Bond (Sale)	13 Right centre	S. S. Wilson (Wellington)
N. J. Preston (Aberdeen)	12 Left centre	G. Cunningham (Auckland)
M. A. C. Stenman (Liverpool)	11 Left wing	B. F. Price (Wallingford)
L. Cusworth (Leicester)	10 Stand-off	M. B. Taylor (Walsall)
S. Smith (Sale)	9 Scrum half	D. S. Loveridge (Taranaki)
C. E. Smart (Newport)	1 Prop	E. R. Johnstone (Auckland)
P. J. Wheeler (Brentwood)	2 Hooker	P. H. Sleane (Auckland)
F. A. Cotton (Sale)	3 Prop	J. E. Spiers (Counties)
W. B. Beaumont (Folkestone)	4 Lock	A. M. Hadde (Ankland)
M. Colclough (Angoulême)	5 Lock	J. K. Fleming (Wellington)
A. Neary (Bromington Park)	6 Flanker	K. W. Stewart (Southend)
J. P. Scott (Coffey)	8 No 8	M. J. Mexico (Wellingford)
M. Rafter (Kristol)	7 Flanker	G. N. K. Mourie* (Taranaki)
*Captain		... and Sleane

Referee: N. R. Samson (Scotland).

Photo: Cusworth

## ith Africa cagey

## r Lions tour

Town, Nov. 23.—South Africa's Rugby Federation, at a meeting here, decided from issuing an invitation to the British Lions, who expect to embark on a tour of South Africa on the eve of the 1980 Olympic Games in London, through its president, de Craven, the federation prides on its British and counterparts, describing "overseas friends, who turned to stand up and be counted" of any official on the Lions, is thought a diplomatic move and does not rule out the possibility of a Lions tour.

The omission of any official on the Lions, is thought a diplomatic move and does not rule out the possibility of a Lions tour.

The Lions, who had been invited to the French competition for the role they played in the Springboks affair",

## Mallett winds up to hammer Cambridge

Nicholas Mallett misses the Twickenham showpiece today to help Oxford build-up for the university match. Mallett, a freshman and dynamic No 8, could play for the British against Cambridge on December 11.

Mallett was born in Britain, son of Tony Mallett, a former Kent cricketer, but brought up in South Africa and he has already been earmarked for top honours before he added to his honours by winning the international for England.

Oxford give godlike Chris-topher Stoenks, chairman, and Clark moves to centre in place of Thomas. In the back row Gray replaces Morrison.

Looking to the future, Phil Coates, Australian coach, said yesterday in Sydney that he hoped to play for Oxford when he takes up a two-year scholarship at the university at the end of the year.

The Quins beat Oxford 18-5 at Twickenham last week, and Cambridge make them on without seven regulars, including captain, and the full back, Mark Metcalfe, are at Twickenham as England replacements. On the injured back row Marcus Rose, James Thornton, Hugh Stevenson, Justin Ford and Neil Stoenks are available.

The Quins' No 8 lock, Paul Ackford, returns after playing for the South West against the All Blacks last Tuesday and Richard de Rooy makes his first senior appearance at full back.

Richmond, hosts to Swindon, will be up to former Oxford forward Tom Evans, who has been a surprise

appearance at full back.

Terry Morison and Terry Clayton are unavailable to play for Oxford.

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## PERSONAL INVESTMENT AND FINANCE

## Mortgages

**No need to push the panic button**

When the first early Christmas cards start to flutter through the letter box you can expect that unwelcome communication from the building society telling you how much your mortgage interest payments will be from January 1.

It is unlikely that the shock waves from the increase in 15 per cent will have been fully absorbed by then and many families are going to be horrified by the extra amount they will be asked to fork out.

The average mortgage is now £12,000 and will cost £154.80 a month to service instead of £125.40—an increase of 25 per cent for the largest single item in the domestic budget. Even after tax relief the increase is still 21.8 per cent for basic rate taxpayers.

Although the building societies have said that they will be prepared to consider cases of genuine hardship, it is clear that most of them will be sending out letters telling their borrowers in fairly unequivocal terms that they should pay out the extra money rather than extend the mortgage term.

This advice will be offered because for anyone with a mortgage of 14 years or more the present repayments will not be enough to cover both the repayment of the actual debt and the interest on it. So, in effect, the mortgage becomes infinitesimal.

It sounds horrifying—but it isn't and borrowers should not allow themselves to be worried into paying more than they can comfortably afford. In extremis it does not actually

matter if you leave your mortgage to the children—and the reality is, in fact, rather different.

The building societies, much as they would appreciate the steady repayment of debt and interest as bargained for, are not unduly worried when borrowers of good standing fail to keep up with the payments for the time being. After all, the debt is secured by your house, which in all but the rarest of cases more than outweighs the debt.

What is more, building society managers draw comfort and reassurance from the fact that most mortgages "decay"—that is the word they use when mortgages are paid up much earlier than the original agreed duration. This reassurance applies to a mortgage agreement stretching to infinity; the odds are that it will be redeemed within the next five or six years when the borrower moves house.

One of two things can happen. Your repayment may be inadequate to cover the original debt and also the extra interest required. In this case, your mortgage debt actually increases and the interest owed becomes capitalized as debt.

If the 15 per cent rate were, for ever, this would be unpleasant—but still unlikely to happen. You, given that high interest rates would be accompanied by high prices in inflation and wage rises. In other words, the value of your house would be your protection.

Margaret Stone

A better picture is obtained if

you manage to increase your monthly payments at least to cover the interest and leave the diminishing debt (in real terms) untouched as a small liability for your children either to terminate out of your estate or inherit.

On the assumption that 15 per cent will be a short hiccup in your mortgage paying life, the little extra debt incurred next year should not be very arduous. You could later on, when money is easier, use the anniversary date of your mortgage to repeat some of the increased debt. Provided that tax relief remains on mortgage interest, you will probably be quite glad of the extra "loan" you acquired.

If you have an endowment mortgage, your responses may be different. There is a legal obligation to maintain term and hence pay out full interest at the new rate. However, it does seem that most building societies might be prepared to turn a blind eye.

When the endowment policy matures, the bonuses should be sufficient to repay off the whole enlarged sum. If not, I expect that most building societies will put the balance on a short-term repayment mortgage. Push for this option, if your society seems lukewarm. I have never been a fan of endowment mortgages—because of their inflexibility and cost in the early years. Events of the few years have confirmed my beliefs.

To buy stock over the post

carrying for £3,900. My husband went along to see him and was told that there were other people interested. The dealer said that if my husband would pay a deposit, this would secure the van until I could get along for a trial run.

I was not too keen when I saw it and the sales representative said we could think about it as there was another customer. We later phoned to tell them that we had decided against it.

My wife was so distraught and shocked by the injury to our son, she scarcely noticed the heel in her own foot, which was subsequently found to have been fractured. She has both spent a week in hospital. A neighbour tells my wife that the shop is responsible only for the cost of repairs to the boot. Are we entitled to compensation? (J.L., Cumberlanch.)

It appears that the heel of the boot which broke was defective. Return the boots to the retailer with a letter of complaint, insisting on their examination by the Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association. (You will have to pay a fee of £2.) Their test would establish that the boot was defective.

It is quite clear from what you say that the cause of her fall was the breaking of the heel under stress. Your wife's claim is against the shop under the Sale of Goods Act on the ground that the boot was not reasonably fit for its purpose.

She is entitled to compensation for her injuries as well as the cost of the boots. Your wife

also has a right to compensation for negligence against the manufacturers of the boots.

Curiously enough, you as husband, can seek recompence from the firm for loss of your wife's services while she was in hospital, particularly if you had to hire someone else. You may still also have a claim in law for compensation, but not against the shop. His claim is for negligence against the manufacturers if the report shows that the boot was defective.

His claim can be brought by you as parent and next friend of your son. A claim for personal injuries must usually be brought within three years of the date of the accident; so you should consult a solicitor with a view to the proceedings.

I am self-employed having two small shops. For the last three years I have paid estimated tax assessments. I wonder if I could make a claim for a refund if I found I had paid too much tax during those three years? (B.B., Glasgow.)

If you did not appeal in

writing against the assessments within 30 days of the date on the assessment I regret to say there is no possibility of

obtaining a repayment of the tax should it be found to have been overpaid. Late appeals are only admitted by the taxman if you can produce some good reason for the delay, such as absence from home or of ill-health. Ignorance of the law is no excuse and will not be accepted as a good reason.

As notices of assessment have recently been sent again, finding through the letter boxes, readers may wonder that the amount of the income used in the tax calculations should be checked and quickly appealed against if either is found to be excessive. Although the tax office will normally insert an "E" after the figure of income assets where it is estimated, they do not invariably do so. So do not assume the absence of an "E" means the assessment is correct. Equally you should not assume that a precise-looking figure is right either. The moral is, check everything, and immediately appeal if you think too much tax is being demanded. When in doubt, appeal to protect your interests.

We saw an advertisement in the local paper for a VW motor

car for £3,900. My husband

went along to see him and was told that there were other people interested. The dealer said that if my husband would pay a deposit, this would secure the van until I could get along for a trial run.

I was not too keen when I

saw it and the sales representative said we could think about it as there was another customer. We later phoned to tell them that we had decided against it.

We have phoned several

times and written twice insist-

ing on the return of our £25 deposit. The dealer now tells us that he is only prepared to offer us half our deposit back. Must we accept this? (D.S., Peterborough.)

The first question is whether

your husband actually agreed

to buy the VW. From what you say, it appears that he did not agree to buy it but merely de-

posited the cash as earnest; i.e.

a token that he was seriously

interested in the car. In that

case, the deposit is returnable in full.

The dealer may argue that

he paid for an option to buy the car. This argument would not be tenable because no period was fixed for the exercise of the option to buy.

The dealer will probably con-

tend that your husband actually

agreed to buy the car at the

price advertised and the de-

posit was part payment. Even

if this is true and your husband

had agreed to buy the car, but

changed his mind on your ad-

vise, you are still entitled to

your money back, provided the

dealer has been able to resell

the car without loss.

**HOFF of HEYBRIDGE HEATH**

## Fixed interest investment

**Step into the post office for gilts**

Adjusting to an era of ever higher interest rates has absorbed most investors' attention this week and the general view is that, without rushing, it is time to concentrate on the gilt-edged securities market, both from the point of high running yields (today's income) and future capital appreciation (tomorrow's gain).

Traditionally this is the professionals' market but there are routes open to the private investor of modest means. He has the choice of someone doing all the work and worry for him if he uses the medium of a managed fund specializing in gilts; or he can use the cut-price entry and buy stocks over the post office counter, a service no longer restricted to those with a savings bank account.

Dealing is not as immediate as it would be if you went through a stockbroker but you can generally reckon that your purchase (or sale) will be processed within 24 hours.

Of course, in some market conditions the 24-hour delay could matter. Two other drawbacks about buying gilts this way are that the number of stock held on the National Savings Stock Register is restricted to about 50, although the range is comprehensive; and there is no guarantee to give you advice about which is the best buy for you.

But aficionados of the sys-

tem—who include at least two stockbrokers of my acquaintance—will be reassured by a special green envelope GS1G.

Other practical details are that although there is no limit to the total amount you may hold, each single transaction must not exceed £5,000.

Dealing is not as immediate as it would be if you went through a stockbroker but you can generally reckon that your purchase (or sale) will be processed within 24 hours.

On short-dated gilts, stockbrokers have discretion to charge what they like, with 6.25 per cent on the first £2,000 of all stocks, so you could expect to pay £12 in commission if you bought £1,000 of gilts through a broker.

The other big attraction is that the interest on stock bought on the National Savings Stock Register is paid gross, not net of basic rate tax as it would be on the same stock bought through the stock market. The cash flow boost is welcome and for anyone paying

less than basic rate tax it saves the time and trouble of reclaiming tax.

But, in the absence of stockbroker advice, how does the dealer advise? The price of the £50-dated stock on the register is £6 for him? Historically, it depended on two factors—the individual's tax rate and his inclination—in taking a view of interest rates. With the cuts in the last Budget and the easing of capital gains taxes, the first is no longer of such critical importance, but the second remains an essential consideration.

Someone who needs high income and who has little interest in price gyrations should look at the short-dated stocks like Treasury 12 per cent 1980 or Treasury 14 per cent 1985, of which yield nearly 14.5 per cent and have "bounce" potential in the price. An alternative for the more aggressive investor is Funding 31 per cent 1984, returning 10.22 per cent in March and September and redemption yield of 15.45 per

cent. This means that when stock is redeemed at par in 1983 the inherent gain at present price of 914 plus interest paid already equals overall return of 15.43 per cent—better than building society bank deposits and National Savings.

If instead, you intend moving in and out of the market on a price momentum occasioned by interest rate changes, then look at medium-long-dated stocks like Treasury 13 per cent 1990 or Treasury 14 per cent 1985, of which yield nearly 14.5 per cent and have "bounce" potential in the price. An alternative for the more aggressive investor is Funding 31 per cent 1984, returning 10.22 per cent in March and September and redemption yield of 15.45 per

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EDITED BY MARGARET STONE

edit unions

## Common bond is the safety factor

Interest rates breaking all records could be that Britain's new legislation to encourage growth of credit unions—the Credit Union Act 1979—will be in the nick of time.

With bank overdrafts costing more than 20 per cent even those who do will be interested in the possibilities of loans at a sum of 1 per cent a month—the declining balance (annual rate of 12.63 per cent).

Credit unions are intended by to help the 15 million people in Britain who still have bank accounts or building society savings. But, with instant credit so costly, communal account holders may be keen to participate in union schemes.

A particular incentive is for the next six years credit will be able to pay tax dividends of up to 8 per cent on savings placed with unions.

Credit unions are non-profit savings and loan clubs formed among people who launching new ones.

share some common bond—which may be that of living in one neighbourhood, working together or belonging to the same church, club, trade union or tennis association.

Hitherto the unions have flourished abroad and barely existed in Britain. There are 22,000 in the United States and fewer than 50 here.

Because credit unions have been popular and successful in both the West Indies and Ireland, most of the British unions set up so far have been among immigrant and local groups.

The first in England, founded 15 years ago, was among West Indian Baptists at Hornsey, north London.

Now the new Act provides a legislative framework within which British credit unions can be expected to develop far more speedily. Already the Credit Union League, based in Skelmersdale, Lancashire, has recruited nearly 1,000 inquiries from people interested in launching new ones.

To start, all that is needed is a minimum potential membership (between 200 and 1,000 according to the type of common bond chosen as a base) and 25 signatures from applicant members, of whom five must be ready to serve as officers. Two of the officers will need knowledge of book-keeping.

Common reasons for seeking loans include unexpected heavy fuel bills; car purchase, repair or insurance; home improvements. Most credit unions can give instances of weddings they have financed and holidays they have saved.

At Royal Holloway College, London University, there has been a small credit union among graduates and staff since 1975. Now its treasurer, Aidan Hopkins, an analyst, programme, hopes that the tax exemption on savings dividends will attract even the more highly paid professors.

The Royal Holloway credit union has only 28 members and assets of £3,000, but already it has made 41 loans of up to £500, at interest rates of 11 per cent a year or below.

At Pitney-Bowes' plant in Harlow several members of top management have already joined more than 300 workers in a credit union run on unashamedly paternalistic lines with company backing.

The largest of £55,000 worth of outstanding loans are already pushing the newly set legal maximum. That is £2,000 more than the borrower's savings with the union, which themselves are not permitted to exceed £200.

Detailed information about forming credit unions, model rules, advice on book-keeping and an explanation of the legal requirements credit unions must meet can all be obtained from the Credit Union League of Great Britain, The Ecclesiastical Centre, Friend, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Gilt-edged tried to go better early on but the attempt failed. Further depressing thoughts about the Treasury's economic forecast were fuelled by fears of more bad wages news to follow the miners' rebate to the Royal Board. Courtland managed to hold its gains remaining unchanged at 50p. Elevation Fison dipped 3p to 22p and Glaxo remained firm at 40p although Rank Organisation did manage to move against the trend falling 1p to 182p.

North Sea shares remained active, but succumbed to profit-taking. National Carbofertiliser rose 2p to 118p. International Thomson slipped 3p to 379p and Cawdor lost 2p to 161p but Imperial Continental Gas slumped 12p to 153p.

Gils were also active with BP gaining 2p, 365p ahead of next week's third quarter figures, but the new shares shed a penny to 164p. Oil Exploration leapt further 48p to 794p as it patiently waited for the mystery bidder to be revealed.

It was that stock would prove indigestible and it was enough to put gilt-edged easier after hours. The new shares fell 12p to 150p.

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On the take-over scene Avery's climbed 1p to 248p as the offer from GEC, 1p down at 327p, drew to a close. But most market opinion seemed to think the GEC might have scraped home. EMI were unchanged at 134p, but Thorn were 4p better to 306p.

Leading industrialists remained subdued in spite of

## FINANCIAL NEWS AND MARKET REPORTS

### Stock markets

## Gilts' attempt at rally fails

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surrounded by so much gloom and by the close finished 15p up at 105p after touching 100p. Figures from Eucalyptus Pulp & Paper pushed the share up 7p to 78p but the interim report from Robertson Food proved disappointing and the shares fell 2p to 127p. Bulmer & Lamb put on 3p to 39p.

Akroyd & Smithers lost 2p of Thursday's strong gain following its trading statement and Renold fell 3p to 34p, but Alfred Dunhill managed to halt the recent slide finishing unchanged at 333p.

Opinion in some quarters is hardening that the fate of Decca cannot be too long delayed. With GEC preoccupied with Avis and Thorn with EMI, the finger points to Racal as the one to buy Decca, primarily for its defence electronics. Sooner or later, the "A" shares, unchanged at 247p against 280p for the ordinary, will be given a rest.

The new rise in mortgage rates sent building shares sliding with Barratt Developments 3p lower to 109p and Fairview Estates 2p lighter at 181p. Milbury were unchanged at 346p and 400p.

The big four clearing banks were several pence lighter but Gols were active with gains of between 30 cents and 75 cents.

Equity turnover on November 22, was £82,903 (1,162.62 bar-gains). Active stocks yesterday, according to the Exchange Telegraph, were ICI, Tricentrol, Conder International, Barclays, BP, Oil Exploration, Shell, Ulsterian, Trust House Forte and Allied Brewery.

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Company	Sales	Earnings	Div	Pay date	Year's total
Int'l Fin	£1,114,523	£1,083	3/-	1-11-10	
Bulmer & Lamb (1)	13,411,14,523	£66,087	3/- (1.44)	1-11-10	
Barndene Inv (1)	9,381,25	£39,031	2/- (0.8)	1-11-10	
Cap & Counties (1)	4,423,54	£34,232	1/- (0.7)	2-11	
Eucalyptus Pulp (1)	7,861,223	£23,053	36.25 (5.5)	—	14.25
Fisons (F)	4,443,54	£61,044	1.12 (1.13)	21-1	6.25 (5)
Kayser Brothers (1)	9,11,58	£2,000	—	—	—
Howard W. (F)	15,231,16,34	£25,073	—	—	0.33 (0.66)
Rediffusion (1)	93,248,84,54	£6,338,08	—	1-11-07	3-1 (4.37)
Queen St. Ware (F)	3,016,021	£19,025	1.3 (1.51) b	1-11-07	—
Robertson Foods (F)	40,513,94	£11,076	8,38,632	1-11-07	7/1 (6.29)
Tranwood (1)	3,113,151	£0,027 (0.021)	—	—	—
Turner (1)	1,611,19	£0,000	—	—	1.35 (1.55)
Dividends in this table are shown net of tax per share. Elsewhere in Business News are shown on a gross basis. To establish gross multiply the net dividend by 1.49. Profits are shown pre-tax and earnings are net. —Trading loss for both yrs. b—Loss for both yrs.					21-1 (5.88)

poorer profits was the performance of Redifon especially with the Marine telecommunications side. The group says there was a severe fall-off in the market for Redifon's marine equipment while Redifusion's downturn was further exacerbated by loss-making contracts in the flight systems simulation division. Performance was helped by the poor level of despatches from the group's computer company which started the year with a low order book following last year's production problems. It also suffered from the cost of implementing increased VAT.

Prospects for the current half year look brighter say the board. Improved profits are expected to be earned by Redifon as substantial deliveries of flight simulators have taken place already and the computer division has improved the level of despatches.

## Redifon holds back Rediffusion

By our financial staff

Poor results from parts of Redifusion's Redifon subsidiary, together with higher interest charges, account for the 19 per cent fall in pretax profits for the group in the six months to September 30, 1979.

Taxable profits of £6,338 against £8,068 were struck after group turnover increased by around 10 per cent from £84.5m to £93.25m.

Redifusion was affected during the period of upward fluctuations in interest rates both here and abroad. But a major contribution to then

poorer profits was the performance of Redifon especially with the Marine telecommunications side. The group says there was a severe fall-off in the market for Redifon's marine equipment while Redifusion's downturn was further exacerbated by loss-making contracts in the flight systems simulation division. Performance was helped by the poor level of despatches from the group's computer company which started the year with a low order book following last year's production problems.

It also suffered from the cost of implementing increased VAT.

At the annual meeting, the chairman, Mr Derek Williams, said it was clear that the coming year would see "much activity" on the group's interests in the North Sea, Australia and North America and the board looks forward to the further growth of the company.

QUEEN STREET WAREHOUSE Turnover for year to July 31, £3,111m (£3,15m). Pre-tax profit, £27,000 (£21,000).

CHARTERHALL LTD At the annual meeting, the chairman, Mr Derek Williams, said it was clear that the coming year would see "much activity" on the group's interests in the North Sea, Australia and North America and the board looks forward to the further growth of the company.

RAYMOND GODFREY AND DANBY BLOCH Raymond Godfrey and Danby Bloch

There is no time limit for assessments where there has been fraud or wilful default and an investigator may uncover evasion that took place many years earlier. So even if the prospect of evading tax in 1979 sounds attractive now, it could be a cause for profound regret in 1989, say, if the Inland Revenue finally catches up. The Revenue may not be winning the evasion war but it can still cause some painful casualties among the evaders.

As a result of a deliberate change in policy, many more detailed examinations are now taking place. Some of these are the result of some discrepancy appearing in a taxpayer's return, but many are initiated on a random basis of selection.

The cost of tax evasion is high; perhaps more than either the annual EEC budget or the Inland Revenue's power to demand information about a taxpayer's affairs from banks and other agencies and with a warrant can call for documents and papers and even enter premises and carry out searches.

A detailed investigation can be a long, expensive and sometimes painful process. The Inland Revenue has power to demand information about a taxpayer's affairs from banks and other agencies and with a warrant can call for documents and papers and even enter premises and carry out searches.

There is no time limit for assessments where there has been fraud or wilful default and an investigator may uncover evasion that took place many years earlier. So even if the prospect of evading tax in 1979 sounds attractive now, it could be a cause for profound regret in 1989, say, if the Inland Revenue finally catches up. The Revenue may not be winning the evasion war but it can still cause some painful casualties among the evaders.

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Investors are reminded that the price of units and the income from them may go down as well as up.

Investment in a unit trust should be regarded as long-term.

To invest, telephone Framlington next week at 01-628 5181; or use the coupon.

Do not send any money. Units are allocated at the price ruling when we receive your order. You will be sent a contract note stating exactly how much you should pay.

On Friday the offer price of units was 35.20 pd. The estimated gross yield was 9.06%.

General Information For the first time, unit trusts are distributed to unit-holders on 1st January and 1st July. The first distribution is on 1st July, 1980. The offer price includes an initial charge of 2.5%. There is an annual charge of 0.5%.

VAT: Commission of 1.5% is paid to recognised agents. Units can be bought and sold easily. Prices are liable to fluctuation. Investors should take care when buying and selling.

The unit is an investment unit constituted by Trust Deed. It ranks as a wider range investment under the Trustee Investment Act, 1961. The Trustee is Lloyd's Bank Limited. The managers are Framlington Unit Management Ltd, 64 London Wall, London EC2M 5EJ (reg. in London 693241). Members of the Unit Trust Association.

This offer is not available to residents of the Republic of Ireland.

### APPLICATION FOR UNITS

To: Framlington Unit Management Limited, 64 London Wall, London EC2M 5EJ (reg. in London 693241).

I wish to purchase units in Framlington Income Trust, minimum 500 at the price ruling on receipt of this offer. Do not send any money with this application. We shall send an account note stating the exact amount you should pay.

SI NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ State Mr. Mrs. Miss or title: \_\_\_\_\_

FULL FORENAME(S): \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ T-24/11

### Taxation

## The Inland Revenue's watching brief

"It was a military style operation. It was carried out by officers of the Inland Revenue in their war against tax fraud



## Stock Exchange Prices **Uneasy again**

**ACCOUNT DAYS:** Deadlines Begin, Nov. 19; Deadlines End, Dec. 7; 5 Contarino Day, Dec. 10; Settlement Day, Dec. 17.

**§ Forward bargains are permitted on two previous days**

Prices on this page are now supplied by Exchange Telegraph's Epic system and are the last prices available from London stock market dealers yesterday evening. Various indices produced by The Times, including the index of 150 industrial stocks, are being reviewed and recalculated to cover the period of non-publication.

*Shoparound with Beryl Downing*

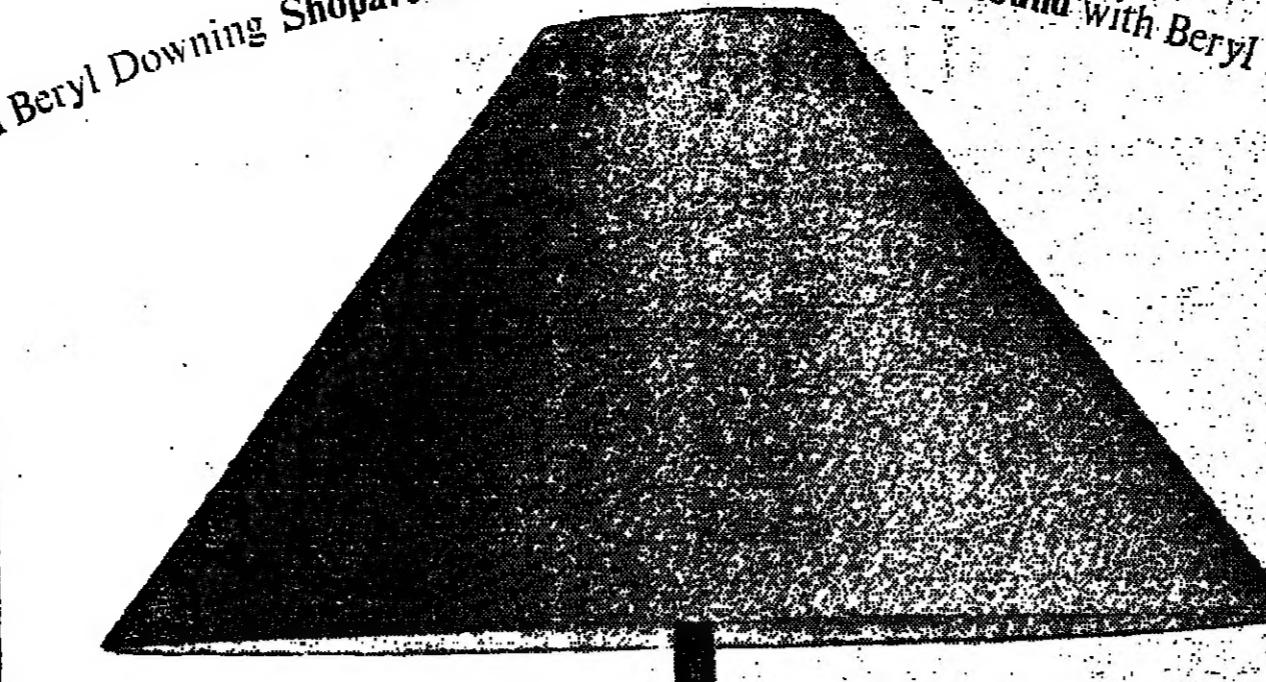
is totally without trimming, but it could have some useful applications as it has an anti-static surface and resists steam. I tried it in a bathroom which has ambitions above its station and pretends to be a sauna. The mirror stayed relatively clear while all around was fog.

Called Mirropac, these mirrors can be fixed to, or angled from, the ceiling without danger of falling and breaking and they have been used in factories, for demonstrations and in a school for handicapped children where the pupils were unable to do

anything but lie on the floor and gaze upwards. An idea here, perhaps, for parents who have disabled children at home?

There are five sizes of Mirropac, from 2ft by 1ft at £20 to 2ft by 6ft at £37. The post and packing of £4.75 is the same whether you order just one mirror, or up to five, whatever the size. From Kepac Ltd, Oakfield House, 60 Oakfield Road, Altrincham, Cheshire WA15 8TW.

The film is stretched round an aluminium frame, backed by light board, and can be stuck to the wall by adhesive tabs. It makes no decorative pretensions, as it



Drawing by Wendy Jones



Above: Fabric clown by Willow Crafts, £7.80, and hanging pottery vase by Joan Berrill, £3.20, both from The Village at Bourne, Oxford Street, London W1.

The name Bourne and Hollingsworth used to be synonymous with tweeds and twissets—not in stock, but on the customers. The Bourne family had been going it alone since Mr Hollingsworth died in 1938 and with all respect it could not be said, at the beginning of this year, to be the liveliest of London stores.

It was then sold to the Raybeck group, whose companies include Berketex and Lord John. Among the conditions of sale was the insistence that not only the Bourne name, but also the staff must be kept. That may have seemed a quaintly honourable stipulation in these days of hard-bitten take-overs and there were murmurings in retail circles that Raybeck had a lot to find out about running a department store.

They are just beginning to show what they have learned so far and even the cynics must be impressed. They have managed to transform the atmosphere of Bourne's and have yet kept their old customers, no doubt thanks to the old staff, while making new friends with their go-ahead ideas. The result is an 80 per cent increase in turnover.

One of their innovations is to let off a good deal of space to specialist concessions. You will find Allied Carpets, Lillywhites, Laskys, the Reject Shop and W. H. Smith, counter to counter with Bourne's own departments and interspersed with five lively restaurants, from a self-service pizzeria to a £3-a-head steak house.

A particularly interesting section is the Arts Village on the fourth floor. It is a permanent sales exhibition of traditional British crafts, including pottery, knitting, jewelry, wood carving and rug making and featuring demonstrations each day by the craftsmen.

Prices are very competitive. There are Aran hand-knits at £35, natural woven



The Kenwood de luxe £71.90 : a quick stop

For many years, particularly when I was doing my one-woman Upstairs Downstairs act, I proved that I could run a house and a job and still produce home-made cake for nursery tea. I was unswervingly devoted to my Kenwood Chef.

Like other food processors,

ceased to make concessions to those in the kitchen, I changed my allegiance.

Instead of cake, I needed low-calorie soup, and I was unfaithful to good old conventional Kenwood with the faster and younger Robot Chef.

Like other food processors,

came up with their own version of a processor, delayed, they tell me, only because they place great emphasis on safety. They

more convenient than a mixer did innumerable tests to see if the company rightly assumes that no one is actually going to try deliberately to beat the record.

Food processors have by no means reached the levels of sophistication achieved in America and I suggest that if Kenwood were not so frightened of competing with their

processor de luxe is made to stop in under one second, as

properly filed and the inside of the prongs will show the file marks; the bowl of the spoons will not be so curved, the embellishment not so deep.

At the Cutlery Shop you can see this for yourself. They have four different versions of the popular Kings pattern, for instance, varying in quality. And all the pieces, in 100 different designs, are attached magnetically to the display boards, so that you can remove them, feel them, place them on a table with china and glass to see the effect of one design against another.

As in other shops, there is a range of parish patterns, the designs which, in the nineteenth century, had no patents and were available to any silversmith working in the parishes of Sheffield. These are: Kings, Ramal, Fiddle Thread and Shell, Old English, Grecian, Dubarry and Jeasmund.

But Mr Lawrence Perovetz, whose brain child this shop is, has also sought out the old designs which were cheaper, less balanced, the prongs of the fork will be stamped out instead of being

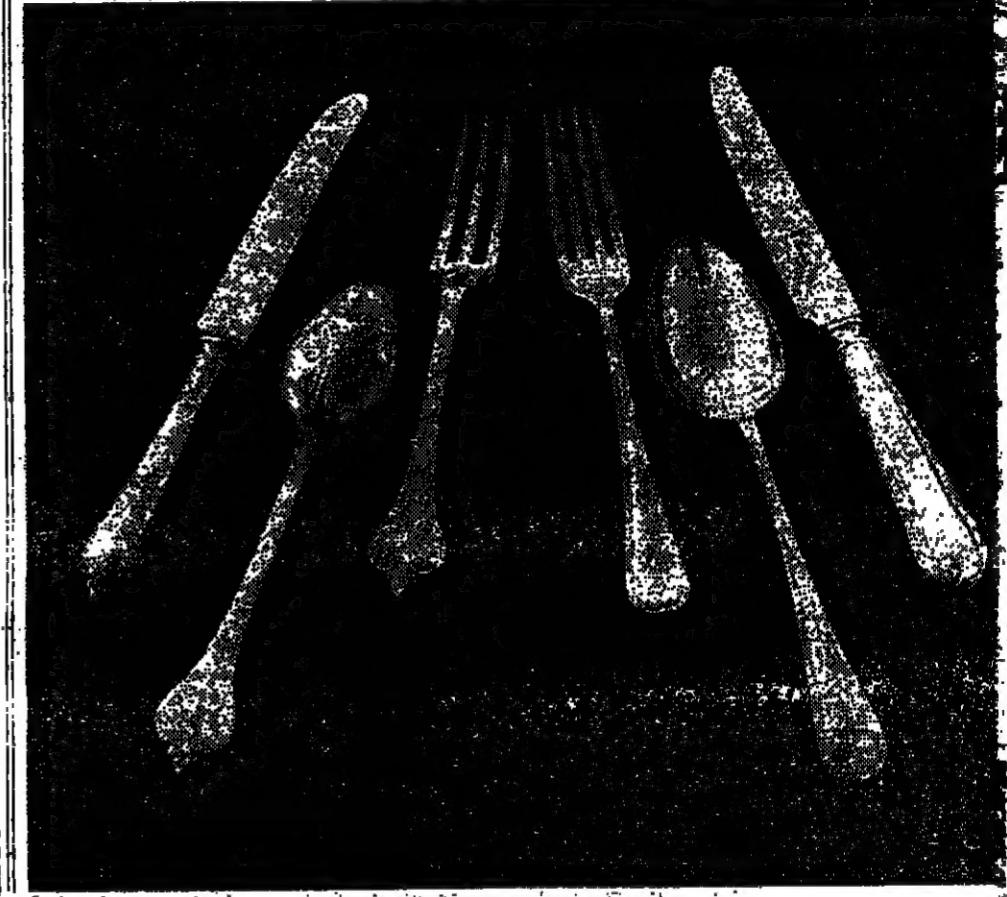
made in 1776, William Mary, designed around 1

Plain Pine, an Art Deco sign by W. P. Bell for first-class dining room of Queen Mary. Or, if you're traditional but sir Reed and Ribbon from elegant Georgian period.

Prices are, for a seven-piece setting, from £1.55 for silver plate and £250 to £1,000 for silver.

The Cutlery Shop produces a very handsome catalogue for £3.50 from Perovetz Ltd, 50/52 Chancery Lane, London WC1, and will supply an

its designs mail order. I am so confident of the quality that they guarantee that if a customer finds identical product elsewhere at a lower price, the difference in price will be refunded.



Above: Lacework design called William & Mary, originally circa 1680, £51.97 and an eighteenth-century pattern, Reed and Ribbon, £45.54. Both prices for 7-piece setting exclusive to the Cutlery Shop, Bourne, Oxford Street, W1, and at H. Perovetz, 5 Chancery Lane, London WC2.



Above: Trompe l'oeil patchwork quilt by Linda Schaeffer, called Kaleidoscope. Although the design looks curved it is composed entirely of angles.

The stuff that the great American dream is made of must surely be patchwork. A whole social history is stitched into its development, from the early random shapes, backed by food sacks, to the sophisticated appliqués of the 1890s. Now the craft has been brought up to date by a collection of "Disco Quilts".

Their designer, Linda Schaeffer, uses fabric as an artist might use paint, to comment on contemporary society. Some of her quilts, glittering defiantly in purple metallic and satins, would look out of place on the bed of anyone but a punk rocker. But they are meant as hangings, rather than bedcovers, and some of the most successful, in less strident fabrics, have a three-dimensional effect, with cut-outs between the patches casting shadows on the wall behind.

Don't go away with the impression that Linda Schaeffer is no more than a purveyor of gimmicks. Her collection includes meticulously executed quilts in traditional baby, block and *troupe l'oeil* designs and she travels widely to lecture and to explore the history of the craft.

Her designs are on view at 21 Antiques, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1, where there is also a splendid selection of antique quilts at new quilting supplies sets which stocks everything craft demands. Among them cotton prints, 11 Batiks, a selection of plains and dingles, I found the Wool Marker, a fibre tip pen which marks any fabric and can be erased with a damp cloth.

£1.10 a useful stocking-f

for a quilt enthusiast, 10p if you want one by

If you are able to make a visit to 21 Antiques, you'll solve a lot of other problems, too. Apart from antique silver and kit

ware, their latest idea Pennsylvania Dutch

from originals brought from America and past onto genuine old milk cans, scales, canisters and ch

Prices vary from £4.10 to £48 for water pitcher to £48 for pine trunk.

When Joan and Tony opened the shop they had little more space than window and £3,000 worth of goods. They have now got to the basement and upper floors, have a repairs workshop, a polishing shop and £37,000. All that is a success story which represents not only a deal of energy but more

than the average amount of fi-

from Selfridges, Oxford Street, London W1, Aldersgate, London, and Co-operative Store. It also has an extra price switch to operate the machine for just a few pence. This means that you can buy food to exactly the consistency you want, rather than getting mushy hamburgers or tenderized nuts.

£59.9



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01-371 1234, ext. 7180

All advertisements are subject to the conditions of acceptance of Times Newspapers Limited, copies of which are available on request.

PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD.

We make every effort to avoid errors in advertisements. Each one is carefully checked and proof read. When thousands of advertisements are handled each day mistakes do occur and we ask therefore that you check your ad and, if you spot an error, report it to the Classified Queries Department immediately by telephoning 01-371 1234 (Ext. 7180). We regret that we cannot be responsible for more than one day's incorrect insertion if you do not.

THE DEADLINE FOR ALL COPY IS 24 HOURS.

Alterations to copy is 3.00 pm prior to the day of publication.

For Monday's issue the deadline is 12 noon Saturday. On all cancellations a Stop Number will be issued to the advertiser.

On any subsequent queries regarding the cancellation, this Stop Number must be quoted.

... FOR YE all are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

Galatians 3: 26.

BIRTHS

BAILEY.—On March 23, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Bailey, of Castle Alice.

COULSON.—On 10th October, to

Gillian (nee Bandister) and Peter Coulson, a son (James) and a brother (Sebastien), a brother for Sébastien.

DUNSTON.—On November 27, 1979, at 10.30 am, in St. Peter's Church, Finsbury, and Richard, daughter (Charlotte, Elizabeth, St. Clare), a son (Matthew).

FISHMAN.—On Christmas Day, 1979, in Yewtree (nee Armstrong), a son (James Robert Michael).

FORDE.—On November 18, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Forde.

FORDHAM.—On the 1st day of

October, 1979, in Finsbury, and Richard, daughter (Charlotte, Elizabeth, St. Clare), a son (Matthew).

GARDNER.—On 2nd February, to

Sally and Mike, a son (James Robert Michael).

GILBERT.—On November 27, 1979, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Gilbert.

HAYDAY.—On January 20, 1979, a son (Matthew) and Richard, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Hayday.

JEPPEY.—On November 17th, 1979, Princess Christian Windsor, 10, from Mrs McFarlane, and her son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Jeppey.

KELLY.—On March 23, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Kelly, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Kelly.

LAWRENCE.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Lawrence, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Lawrence.

MCNAUL.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda McNaul, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline McNaul.

MORRISON.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Morrison, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Morrison.

NICHOLAS.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Nicholas, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Nicholas.

PARKER.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Parker, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Parker.

PEACEY.—On Sunday, 18th Nov., at 10.30 am, in St. Paul's Church, Finsbury, and Richard, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Peacey.

PENNY.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Penny, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Penny.

REED.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Reed, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Reed.

ROBERTSON.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Robertson, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Robertson.

SCOTT.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Scott, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Scott.

THOMAS.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Thomas, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Thomas.

WATSON.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Watson, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Watson.

WILSON.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Wilson, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Wilson.

WILLIAMS.—On November 27, 1979, in July and Peter, sons of Alan and Linda Williams, a son (Matthew) and a daughter (Sarah) to Michael and Caroline Williams.

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